DEC. 27, 1941

Liberty

FIVE CENTS

CHRISTMAS 1941

CONTINENTAL
Perfection of Mildness
Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PA
Perfection of MILDNESS
SUPERB BLEND OF SURPASSING DELICACY AND APPEALING FLAVOR
PROOF 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • A COMPANION BLEND: COBB'S CREEK PREFERRED

Do You See a Girl in a Pageant?
No. I see a Future Star of the Stage.

Is She Beautiful?
No, but She has Charm and Personality.

It's her Smile that's so Appealing—a Smile she has always given the Daily Care of Ipana and Massage.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

Your smile is what you make it! Let Ipana and Massage help you to have healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth

Q. *What have healthy gums to do with a brighter smile?*

A. Just this: many modern dentists tell us that firm, strong gums are vitally important to sound, sparkling teeth . . . that sensitive gums tend to make teeth dull and dingy.

Q. *What can be done to help gums?*

A. Regular, daily gum massage—that is what most dentists recommend. For today's soft, creamy foods do not give our gums sufficient work and stimulation. Gums are apt to become weak, tender . . . and frequently flash a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" a serious condition?*

A. "Pink tooth brush" is a warning that may or may not mean serious trouble ahead. But only your dentist can decide that. He may merely say that your weakened gums need more work and resistance. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. *How should Ipana be used for most effective aid?*

A. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana not only cleans teeth brilliantly but, with massage, it is specially designed to help make gums firmer and stronger. That is why you'll find Ipana and massage so effective in helping you to ward off "pink tooth brush" . . . in helping you to have healthier gums and a brighter smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

The Light of Freedom

"The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."

. . . SIR EDWARD GREY, 1914

Strange, prophetic words, these—for Europeans, and full of meaning for Americans.

For the lamps of America are *not* going out—now or ever. The lights of America must continue to shine, not only as a symbol of our own freedom, but as a beacon of encouragement to those countries whose lights have—temporarily—been blacked out by the totalitarian scourge that threatens so much of the world.

For two years, Liberty has urged all America to unite in a Night of Light on Christmas Eve as a symbol of our belief in the permanence of the Light of Freedom that we in this country enjoy.

For two years, Governors and Mayors have issued proclamations, patriotic organizations of all kinds and descriptions have given it their backing.

For two years, America has been a blaze of light on Christmas Eve.

This year, more than ever before, it is important that we Americans re-examine our beliefs; rededicate ourselves to the traditions that made us and the tasks that confront us.

So again Liberty asks, as a means of symbolizing our belief in the light of freedom and democracy, that we *light every lamp in America on Christmas Eve.* Doing this depends on everyone—on you, and you, and you.

Will you, whether you can light a single candle or throw the master switch of a whole factory,
Will you turn on the lights?

Will you, if you live in a community where defense requirements make this inadvisable,
Will you light at least one lamp to join in spirit in this symbol of freedom?

The lights of America must *never* go out. Will *you* turn on *yours* this Christmas Eve?

O. J. Elder
Publisher, Liberty Magazine

Isn't Christmas Fun?
Could Be! If You'd Only Give Me a "33 to 1" Chance!
WHY, DARLING, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1" MYSTERY?
NO MYSTERY... I MEAN TIME OUT FOR REFRESHMENT—PABST BLUE RIBBON!
HOW STUPID OF ME... OF COURSE ...33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER.
WHAT A BREAK... WHAT A FLAVOR, BLENDED LIKE FINE CHAMPAGNE. NOW BRING ON THAT TREE!
HOW AM I DOING?
WONDERFUL! AND DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU GET ANOTHER BREAK—A WHOLE CASE OF PABST BLUE RIBBON FOR CHRISTMAS!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
You, too, can make this a Blue Ribbon Christmas. Discover how delicious a beer can be when it's made of 33 fine brews...expertly blended like fine coffee or champagne. Your dealer has Pabst Blue Ribbon in gay holiday packages, both bottles and cans. Order today, and give yourself and those on your gift list the break of the season—"33 to 1"!
Blended 33 to 1
Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER
...IT'S SMOOTHER
...IT'S TASTIER...IT NEVER VARIES

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BY BUBBLES SCHINAS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ HERE'S my this year's letter to Santa Claus. It might add a few ideas to your own list of what you'd like to get and give.

Dear Mr. Claus, % Ruby Schinasi:

DOUBLETIME: I'd like a Turncoat, which is two house coats in one. It's a soft-sleeved, full-skirted, graceful robe, quite simple save for two big buttons at the wasp waist. One side is blue printed with posies and apples, the other side is of fresh flattering white. . . . This comes in red, too, and is made of washable percale. . . . $3.98. Sizes 12 to 20. I take a 12, thanks to that Five-Day Diet.

PERSONAL LIPLURE: I covet a black lipstick case with my initials affixed to the top in gold. The case is available in other colors, but black goes with everything. . . . $1.25.

BUTTERFLYTINESS: If butterflies flew out of the cocoon sequined and sparkling they would look like those pins-of-all-purposes that cost 59 cents a butterfly, and certainly spirit costumes. For instance, I could space three across the bodice of an otherwise unadorned dress, or one could quiver glitteringly on the narrow shoulder strap of my dancing dress, or a couple could crown a cap, or pretty a plain envelope purse. They have infinite possibilities. . . . Come in emerald, cyclamen, and sapphire.

PERKY JERKIN: I own a sweater jerkin, but would very much like a quilted satin one to keep the wintry winds away. It's of black satin, sleeveless of course, and the padding is 100 per cent wool and wondrously warm. . . . Costs $1.95.

BATHROOM BEAUTIFIERS: Please don't overlook my bathroom, Santa. It's the pink one. I want hanging shelves of firm white metal covered with French tôle roses. . . . $1.95. And to put on the shelves I'd like a powder box of the same pattern. . . . 75 cents. And the box that looks like a watering can but was designed to hold soap flakes. . . . $1.

MATCHMAKING DEPARTMENT: Please pay attention, Santa—this is sort of special: A small silver folder, holds in a magical manner:

1. A photograph (1½ by 2 inches).
2. A book of matches.
3. A place for a message (sentiment demanded).

It has an embossed four-leaf clover on the cover for luck. . . . $3. Santa, I'd rather you didn't give this to me. Just drop a whisper into a particular ear. I'd like his picture in it, too.

CARD-TABLE COVER-UP: Saw a charming card-table cover with satin finish, precise tailoring, and three initials for $1.59. Comes in blue with maroon monogram, green with brown, and wine with blue.

☆ *MEMOS ON MY MIRROR:* Insure yourself of a white Christmas by wearing a dress of winter white with red and green ribbons, child style, in your hair—or mistletoe, if you feel grown up!

Line your caps and calottes, turbans and topknots with remnants of bright taffeta, so gay when you whisk off your hat and reveal a vivid if not silver lining. . . .

Have two tall Christmas crimson tapers at your table. Deck the halls with boughs of holly, tra-la-la-la-la. Most important of all—

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!!!

Next time . . . Resolutions for the New Year.

Supplement of Stocking Stuffing
(little to give, lovely to get):

1. A china girl to hold a toothbrush standing on a name plate. . . . 15 cents.
2. Fluffy pink and blue powder puffs in miniature individual cellophane hat-boxes. . . . 25 cents.
3. Feather hair bows mounted on barrettes in all colors. . . . 10 cents.
4. White pottery hand to hold one flower. . . . 10 cents.
5. Stylized flower-petal earrings—aquamarine, amethyst, or amber—to clip at your ears. . . . 25 cents a pair.
6. Handsome navy or army cap to pin over your heart with a space for his photograph in uniform. . . . 10 cents.
7. Candle holders of flat flowers. . . . 50 cents.
8. Switch protectors in plastic to keep your walls fingerprint-free. . . . 10 cents.

THE END

It's a shame about Sarah . . .

she's such a swell girl otherwise!

So pretty, such good company, yet most of the time she was overlooked when party invitations were going out. It might have been different if she paid just a little bit more attention to the "Double O."

Look Out For "Double O"

Competition is just as keen in the social world as it is in business, and a girl who is not careful about "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath) is certainly trying to go places the hard way.

Fortunately there is a precaution against this double offense . . . a wonderfully delightful precaution which many popular people insist on daily.

What To Do About It

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made especially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is a delightful new formula that attacks cloudy loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (Offensive breath).

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to help your personality, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine "daily double": the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and

the double precaution against double

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

Vox Pop

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

IS THIS UNITED AMERICANISM?

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Please accept my heartiest congratulations on your November 22 editorial—May She Always Be Right. It is most gratifying to see such patriotic sentiments expressed in a publication of such large circulation, for our country is in much greater danger than most of us think.—*H. P. S. Greene, Veterans Administration Facility.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Of all the words you have printed, these are the greatest and most timely. No matter who, or how many, composed this editorial, Liberty may now say our contribution to free men has been put in print. Every publication in America would do well to reproduce it, not once but many times, while this great emergency exists.—*L. R. Adamson.*

NEWARK, N. J.—Does Liberty's November 22 editorial mean that we should let our pro-British President and his children of Congress lead us around like babes who are not supposed to know any better?—*R. R. Irvington.*

TWIN FALLS, IDA.—The editorial May She Always Be Right is a bid for the suppression of free speech.—*Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Mills.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Your November 22 editorial hits me where I live. You have declared that there is no longer any room in this country for anything except united Americanism—and you are right.—*Worth Stewart.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Your editorial calling for national unity and criticizing those who refuse to follow the arbitrary lead of the President recalls to mind a criminal trial wherein a Kentucky colonel figured as foreman of the jury. After deliberating a good many hours and being asked by the judge if a verdict had been reached, the colonel arose to his feet and indignantly replied, "Well, sir, your Honor, I've done the best I could, but here are eleven of the stubbornest devils I ever saw in all my life!"—*Arthur E. Walker.*

JOB FOR LI SU-CHANG

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is really a relief to read Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, written in his best vein. In times like these I think the little girl Li Su-Chang should remain on the government's and Liberty's payroll.—*George N. Axiotes.*

OUR DR. FUNK CONFOUNDS A CRITIC

NEW YORK, N. Y.—C. Austin Miles, in November 15 Vox Pop, complains that my usage of *cannot* in a recent quiz is illogical. True, it is; that is, if one compares it with *shallnot* and *willnot*. But Mr. Miles forgets that the familiar contractions *shan't* and *won't* must have had some remote usage to explain their formations, and he has neglected to investigate.

To be brief, the compound *cannot* has consistently appeared in English literature since the early fifteenth

(*Continued on page 49*)

"I connected Westbrook Pegler with Mrs. Roosevelt yesterday by mistake!"

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

☆ ONE of the great songs of the world is Silent Night, Holy Night. At this season we hear it sung in schools and churches, on the radio and in the homes—wherever the hearts of people are moved by the story of Bethlehem.

Curiously, the world owes this song to the Germans—it was written *"Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."* Mme. Schumann-Heink, who in the last war had sons in the American army and one in the German army, thrilled the whole world when she sang Silent Night over the radio a few years before she died.

Will the Germans sing Holy Night this year? Will mothers whose sons are no longer theirs, but the state's, gather with the old men and the babies at the fireside and lift up their voices in praise of that Babe upon whose birth the angels sang: "On earth peace to men of good will"?

Will they not look furtively around them, asking themselves where are men of good will to be found today?

Let us not be mistaken. Germany still has men of good will. But they are no longer free men; they are the creatures, the slaves of their leaders, and the leaders are men of bad will. These leaders have rejected the eternal message of truth which Jesus brought to mankind.

The world was hungry and thirsting for peace. These leaders demanded war. They threw away the Ten Commandments and followed instead the Nazi discipline. They took Mein Kampf in preference to the Gospels; propaganda handouts rather than the Sermon on the Mount. Instead of gentleness, they chose force, preferring pride to humility; revenge to forgiveness; intimidation to co-operation; bombers, tanks, and submarines to plowshares, tractors, and the machinery of peaceful progress. They followed the red star of Mars and turned their backs on the Star of Bethlehem. They chose the swastika and rejected the Cross of Calvary.

How then can there be peace?

The shepherds, tending their flocks on the hillside near to the city of David, heard the chorus of angels heralding peace, not for all, but to men of good will.

Who can call Hitler, Goebbels, Göring, and all the Herodians around them, men of good will?

The world has had one supreme example of good will. The Babe in the manger, worshiped by the Wise Men with gifts of frankincense and myrrh; the Boy in the temple disputing with the elders; the Messiah tramping the Palestinian roads and speaking His gospel—love the Lord with all your heart and all your mind and all your soul, and your neighbor as yourself; the prisoner Jesus on trial, condemned, mocked, crucified, and praying for His murderers, forgiving them with His last breath—Jesus Christ was the supreme example of good will. Can any one deny that He taught the direct opposite of everything for which the leaders of Germany stand today?

Who can compare these ways of life—the Nazi's and the Nazarene's? Let those mistaken pacifists who misread His message remember that He said, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

What sword? He brought the sword of faith and loyalty, of martyrdom if need be, that evil should not take over the world.

That holy night, that silent night on which He was born, was the birthday of a real New Order. Through all the nineteen hundred years and more since that first great birthday, all mankind has been slowly, toilsomely, and with many faltering errors lifting itself nearer and increasingly nearer to the great Christian ideal.

And though it may seem strange to say so, today we are nearer to that ideal than ever before. This despair of world-wide war must be the darkness that comes before the dawn. We are at desperate grips with a materialism, an atheism, a deviltry that is making its last stand. Our children and our children's children will be proud of all of us who have dared to be a part of this death struggle. The darkness will pass. The hordes of materialism will be defeated. We shall soon take our place with the triumphant hosts of Him who was called the Light of the World.

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AMERICA'S GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS PHOTO

Folks still ask, Is Hawaii an asset or a liability to the U. S. A.? . . . Here's a heartening answer

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ HAWAII is ready.

Behind the familiar facade of peace—palm-fringed, bright-tinted, and sunlit for leisure—Hawaii now bristles with readiness for war.

Long before a "crisis in the Pacific" seemed even a possibility, the American Territory of Hawaii had prepared stanchly to meet whatever danger might come. Prepared so well, indeed, that Hawaii itself may never have to meet such danger.

The Hawaiian Islands stand as strong sea sentinels almost twice as far from America's Pacific coast as do the hastily assembled defenses of Iceland from our Atlantic shore. But for years more regular United States Army troops have been stationed permanently in Hawaii than in any other part of the United States. The great Pearl Harbor Naval Base, near Honolulu, even at the beginning of World War II, was described by experts as the "greatest maritime fortress in the world." Since then, another $30,000,000 has been spent on it.

Supporting Pearl Harbor, and closer still to Honolulu, is the vast concrete plain of Hickam Field, built for $12,000,000 by the United States Army Air Corps.

"Somewhere" in the Hawaiian Islands (questions are not invited) muscle and dynamite and dredges have hollowed out the solid core of half a mountain range. That giant cavity has been filled with what is rumored to be the greatest store of fuel oil and gasoline ever collected in one place.

Decidedly Hawaii is ready. Yet it is a curious fact that it has been made ready despite the inattention and sometimes even against the active protest of perhaps a majority of the citizens of the mainland United States.

Obviously, the War and Navy Departments in Washington have long considered Hawaii of enormous strategical importance. They have often been in conflict with a great number of Americans who have not shared or understood their view. Congress has on several occasions in recent years passed legislation which was deliberately adverse to Hawaii's interests, and in a questionnaire conducted not so very long ago by a national magazine, 25 per cent of those American citizens answering voted flatly for the "abandonment" of Hawaii in case of its invasion. Such misunderstandings are perilous.

Hawaii's military importance should be easy enough to understand. The five big ruggedly mountainous islands of the Hawaiian group lie 2,000 miles west of our Pacific coast in the strategic center of the Pacific Ocean. There are no other large islands near them, and no land at all between them and our western seaboard. Whatever military power holds Hawaii finds the archipelago ideally situated for purposes both of reconnaissance and attack. The characteristic clearness of the Pacific skies gives scouting and bombing planes an unusual and almost permanent advantage. It is inconceivable that any enemy which attempted to approach the United States from the Orient could hope to escape the vigilance of a Hawaiian aerial patrol. Hostile vessels would almost certainly be sighted and reported from Hawaii before they could get within six days' striking distance of the mainland.

But what is the United States doing with a Gibraltar? Even if our possession of Hawaii affronts no one, is our armed occupation of distant foreign lands consistent with American traditions?

The answer is that Hawaii is neither distant nor foreign. Honolulu, which nowadays is only an overnight plane journey from the coast, is actually a thousand miles nearer San Francisco than San Francisco is to New York. Far from being foreign, Hawaii is an integral part of the United States with the full status of a territory, and more American citizens reside there permanently than in the State of Vermont. In November, 1940, in the forty-third year of Hawaii's American maturity, those citizens voted in a formal plebiscite and by an overwhelming majority that they wished their islands promoted to full statehood.

Hawaii's story has been curiously punctuated by wars. The islands were discovered during the third year of the American revolution. American sailors, traders, and missionaries began to visit them and make their homes there early in the nineteenth century. But it was not until the Civil War that Hawaii really prospered.

When the Northern States were cut off from their supply of Southern-grown sugar, they turned to Hawaii. Hawaiian sugar was as fine as any in the world and Yankee settlers had rapidly increased the islands' fertile acreage by irrigation. The demand caused by the Civil War redoubled their efforts and their profits.

In the light of the recent leasing of the string of offshore Atlantic outposts, in the famous "Destroyer Deal," it is extremely interesting to remember that the Pearl Harbor Naval Base was acquired, in an interval between wars, in 1876, when Hawaii was in fact a foreign country. The Civil War had focused attention on the economic importance of the Hawaiian group, and the end of the war and America's rapid westward expansion had brought them closer. It also happened that the then President of the United States was a man who knew something about strategy. His name was Ulysses S. Grant. With a Pacific coast, Grant realized that the United States had suddenly become a Pacific power, and he saw that Hawaii was the apex of the vital triangle of that coast's defense. Though Japan was then still no more than a small barbaric kingdom, it was obviously important that no other power be permitted to gain a Hawaiian foothold.

The Pearl Harbor area was handed over by the Hawaiian monarchy in exchange for a treaty which gave Hawaiian produce the right of entering the United States duty-free. Both sides were satisfied.

The annexation of the islands by

the United States was first proposed by the Hawaiian government in 1853, and the offer was renewed at the time of the Pearl Harbor deal, but the scheme was rejected. We were at peace and, as usual, bent upon our own affairs. Hawaii, nineteenth-century isolationists assured each other —despite the fact that its character and its dominant population had become wholly American—was "foreign" and distant. Our oceans, they added, kept us safe. The United States, uniquely among nations, needed no defenses.

They changed their minds abruptly just twenty-two years after the Pearl Harbor deal. In 1898 we went to war with Spain, and Spain, through her possession of the Philippines, was also a Pacific power. Pearl Harbor's importance suddenly became so manifest that there was a clamor immediately to secure the rest of the archipelago around it. There was then no Panama Canal, and America's naval vessels, without Hawaii, would have no base anywhere in the Pacific.

The annexation proposal was at once renewed and the necessary formalities were hastily put through. The Hawaiian Islands were accepted as "an integral part of the United States" and made a territory. The promise of eventual statehood was thought to be explicit. The citizens of Hawaii became citizens of the United States and subject to all federal laws and taxes. There was little change in the atmosphere or way of life, for both were American already.

Mainlanders learned we had some islands, but few knew their exact status or their precise use. We were richer, we gathered, by numerous palm trees, a famous swimming beach, and some fellow citizenesses who wore grass skirts. But, since few at home knew any other details, the lazy habit soon developed of thinking of Hawaii as—in other respects—a liability.

Hawaii, in plain fact, is one of the most profitable investments this country ever made. At the time of the annexation the Hawaiian national debt, for which we became responsible, was approximately $4,000,000. Since then Hawaii, in direct taxes alone, has paid into the Federal Treasury $150,000,000 more than it has taken out.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

"Hawaii is ready." One of many big railway guns that guard the coasts speaks for itself.

The cash value of the Territory of Hawaii today is $425,000,000, or only slightly less than the assessed value of the whole State of Florida, and Hawaii's volume of commerce in an average peacetime year is $215,000,000. The islands buy $100,000,000 worth of goods from the mainland annually. The Army and Navy guard much more than rocks and ukuleles!

Between wars American enterprise in the islands has developed two remarkable agricultural industries. They are sugar and pineapples, and they have given Hawaii most of its astounding prosperity. The island cane farms now produce one sixth of the United States' total supply of sugar and the yearly crop is worth more than $55,000,000. Hawaiian pineapple planting and the canning of the fruit and juice have had an even more phenomenal growth. In 1900 the pineapple industry was nothing. Today the red-earth Hawaiian fields produce the yearly total of 848,000,000 pounds of canned pineapple and pineapple juice —80 per cent of the world's supply.

Without sugar and pines the islands would have little left but their strategic value, and that would be perilously weakened. More than 75,000 workers would be unemployed and Hawaii would sink into hopeless poverty. The mainland would be deprived not only of the rich island trade but of a valuable supply of food—in a warring world that will inevitably grow ever more hungry. It is ironic, therefore, that Hawaii's sources of wealth should also be the sources of the chief misunderstanding which has prejudiced her fellow citizens against her. Sugar and pineapple are two of the—literally—heaviest crops in the world, and their successful production requires many men. Since Hawaii is in the tropics, the work is doubly hard, so most of it is done by men of Oriental origin. Because of that, the half-informed insist that Hawaii is not, and cannot be, American.

The original native Hawaiian population of the islands began to diminish soon after their discovery. The Polynesian peoples' eons of isolation had deprived them of all immunity to introduced disease, and even measles and chicken pox killed them off like major plagues. Between 1800 and 1900 the numbers of the original native population were reduced by 90 per cent.

(*Continued on page 57*)

Seachlights from the fleet at Pearl Harbor, "world's greatest maritime fortress," rake skies over Honolulu.

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

Old and poor and lonely at Christmas—a man may be that. But the glory may not be gone!

BY MARGUERITE STEEN

Author of The Sun Is My Undoing

☆ FOR the seventh time Mr. Marvell stabbed at and missed the eye of a needle. Mr. Marvell's hands were numb, his eyes watering from the long struggle; he was obliged to put down the needle and wipe them, taking care to use only a corner of the fine immaculately folded handkerchief he drew from his pocket—because handkerchiefs were rationed, and it seemed as though, with careful use, this one might see him through the evening and perhaps the train journey of tomorrow morning.

It was really most unpleasantly cold, and the draft—ah, yes, the door was on the jar again. Perhaps, thought Mr. Marvell hopefully, his landlord would have something done about the door while he was away; he had mentioned it several times, but it probably wasn't worth while to send for the carpenter about such a little thing. Particularly in the case of a tenant who paid as little as Mr. Marvell did for his two small rooms on the second floor of No. 11 Isabel Street, W. 1.

Of course, no one who reads this story has ever heard of Isabel Street—one of those small shabby passages that, surviving in the heart of Mayfair, confer on their tenants the privilege (if so it may be called) of a "good address" and make them pay for it in grubbiness, lack of convenience, and absence of what our spoon-fed age has come to regard as common comfort. The stairs creaked, the windows rattled, the doors—as witness Mr. Marvell's—refused to stay on the latch, and the landlord, whose dairy covered the ground floor, excused his inattention to these matters by saying they'd be having the housebreakers in "any minute." That the minute had prolonged itself into years made no difference to the apparent steadfastness of the landlord's conviction.

So old Mr. Marvell—who, having paid his tiny rent punctiliously for twenty years, surely merited a little consideration—sat and shivered in his second-floor sitting room, massaging his thin fine old fingers to try and bring back the circulation. He really should have lit the fire after lunch, but that might mean either another shilling or undressing in the cold; and, Spartan as he had trained himself to be, old Mr. Marvell knew how hard it was, at seventy years of age to generate enough heat to take the chill from unwarmed bedclothes.

Perhaps if he moved about a little it would help him to get warm. Carefully sticking the needle into the garment whose buttons, ravished, as usual, by the laundry, he was trying to replace, Mr. Marvell stood up and stretched himself—a tall thin old gentleman whose air of distinction and good breeding yet triumphed over the twilight of his fortunes. That fine old head had bent in homage to an empress, those thin aristocratic hands had handled the foil with a skill that was known through Europe, that broad though sunken chest was entitled to bear orders that many might envy—but, as this is supposed to be a Christmas story, don't let us indulge too much in the *sic transit* business.

Yes, it was Christmas; and Mr. Marvell was preparing to pay his annual visit to his sister, Lady Pentridge, whose conviction that blood was thicker than water, rather than her affection for her brother Lionel, caused her to insist upon a reunion her brother would willingly have foregone.

He was, however, too much of a gentleman to refuse her invitation, although it meant that, from midsummer onward, he had to save every penny he could spare from the sheer necessities of living, so as not to disgrace his sister before her retinue of servants. Miss Charlotte Marvell (as she then was), having by some blunder missed the rich and highborn suitor her mind was set upon, had consoled herself with the rich and plebeian one for whom, as *faute de mieux,* she lost no time in engineering a title. As money, to Charlotte, was the panacea for all ills, it is to be presumed she was satisfied.

If there was a person in the world Mr. Marvell disliked more than Charlotte, it was Charlotte's husband, Percy Pentridge, to whom, in consideration for Charlotte's family sen-

To dine with a famous actress at Perugini's Réserve—would that not have been the apex of his dreams fifty years ago? He felt young and shamefully excited.

timents, he was obliged three days in the year to be all that was courteous. After all, he, Mr. Marvell, was seventy and Charlotte, however she might romance about it, was sixty-seven; they were the last of their family, and it was a pity if they could not sink private differences for three days in the year.

Still kneading his fingers to try and coax life back into them, Mr. Marvell reviewed once more his preparations for the visit. Open on the bed lay a large and shabby traveling case of the kind any valet recognizes on sight as "gentleman's baggage." It contained, in addition to more intimate accessories, a suit of thin well preserved Harris tweed (date inside the breast pocket, 1918), one pair of threadbare but impeccable evening dress trousers, dinner jacket, and tails newly back from the cleaner's, three dress shirts exquisitely white and fine but so cobwebby frail he dared hardly handle them and wondered what would happen when some clumsy-handed servant laid his things out for dinner; and, alas, only two day shirts—convincingly new, however, since acquiring new cuffs and collar bands. There was only the other one, upon which, his stiff fingers trembling with anxious care, Mr. Marvell was trying to sew the buttons; and these, together with what he stood up in, constituted the whole of Mr. Marvell's exterior wardrobe—or rather, that part of it which, with the widest stretch of possibility, could be called presentable.

As for his undervests and pants, his deplorably faded pajamas—Mr. Marvell wondered if it would be possible to pretend his valet had forgotten to pack them! Unfortunately, the essential honesty of his character did not lend itself to such comedies, and he steeled himself to ignore the sniggering curiosity of servants that masked itself in obsequiousness to her ladyship's brother.

"I must get those buttons sewn on," he whispered—from being much alone, Mr. Marvell had acquired the habit of talking to himself—as he picked up the pair of military brushes he had just washed, and took them into the sitting room to dry after he had lit the stove.

The thread was as obstreperous as ever; Mr. Marvell felt for his penknife, to cut off the abominable wisp-like hair that resisted his wiliest efforts to coax it through the almost invisible hole—and just at that moment there was a noise overhead.

There were almost always noises overhead—in the attic which Mr. Max Ember and his wife Prunella had done their best to convert into a Hollywood apartment. Mr. and Mrs. Ember's friends were always tearing up and down the narrow staircase,

springing open Mr. Marvell's door with their attack on the creaking boards; running the radio, dancing, which broke Mr. Marvell's electric bulb. Some people might have complained; but Mr. Marvell liked the proximity of young, lively, modern people, whose noisiness brought into his rather sad, quiet life of a man who has outlived most of his contemporaries, and whom the rest have forgotten, some cheerful echo of gaieties not perhaps so very different from those he had himself enjoyed fifty years ago. If he was lonely and cut off by poverty from gay companionship, it was nice to share, even through barriers of bricks and plaster, the popularity of his young neighbors.

Just lately, it struck Mr. Marvell, there had been less popularity. The Embers' telephone, which was distinctly audible in Mr. Marvell's sitting room, never rang. And the voices that rose above the incessant sound of the radio were no longer the convivial voices of the young Embers' guests, but the accents of Mr. and Mrs. Max Ember, in some phase of bitter disagreement.

Poor dears. It was all very well to be young and gay and optimistic, to get married and decorate three attic rooms with all the extravagance engendered on one side by an engagement in Midnight Masquerade, and on the other by a six months' contract with the BBC. It was not so funny when Midnight Masquerade came off and the contract ended, and, in spite of the tremendous personal success scored respectively by Miss Prunella Green as Cérisette and by Mr. Max Ember's Loony Lyrics, no managers came rushing forward to re-engage these two supreme artists.

Max and Prunella tried for a while to bluff, to treat it as a joke, to tell each other there was a break "just round the corner"—and ended in nervous collapse. Their apartment was too tiny, they were too close to each other all the time, to be able to control their feelings for each other's sake. Prunella adored Max, yet could not help snarling at him on the most trivial pretext; and Max, who knew there was not another girl in the world like Prunella, was beset as by the itch to criticize her most harmless actions.

☆ THERE was certainly an extraordinary amount of stamping and thumping going on overhead at this moment. Could the young Embers be having a fight? A door banged, another flew open, and the well known voice of Mr. Max Ember, which he seldom troubled to subdue, rang down the staircase and through the unlatched door of Mr. Marvell's sitting room.

"Well, I'm going to Hampstead and you can damn well do as you please!"

Then there was a rush of feet down the stairs. Mr. Marvell, who, to obtain a better light for his needle-threading, had gone to the window, saw Mr. Ember sweep out on the pavement, his hat of chocolate-colored velours slammed down on his head (a shocking hat, Mr. Marvell had always considered it, but supposed that artists had to advertise themselves), his long-haired golden-plush overcoat strapped about his middle, and in his gloved right hand a sizable suitcase that suggested that Mr. Ember was going away for the week-end. Of course he could not have been—Prunella was upstairs and it was Christmas, and you don't leave your bride of eighteen months to spend Christmas all by herself! Nevertheless, for some reason Mr. Marvell felt uneasy. He hated to think of the Embers getting at cross-purposes with each other.

Worried about money, no doubt. Mr. Marvell sighed and made another dab at the eye of the needle. Terrible, the power that was in money to alter people's lives—even their whole characters at times. Yet what was there to fear in poverty when once one accepted it? The only bad thing about being poor was that it prevented one from helping one's friends when they were in trouble. And it was a little tiresome not to be able to pay for attention to one's simpler needs—such as sewing on buttons, darning socks, mending braces . . . which reminded Mr. Marvell—who wore the comfortable old-fashioned woven braces that are called ostlers', though it is doubtful whether any ostler ever bought his braces in the Burlington Arcade—that his left-hand rear strap was at that moment attached to the main structure by a safety pin: a disgraceful state of affairs to exhibit to a strange valet—and that meant more sewing. Mr. Marvell swore gently.

☆ "WELL, for the love of Mike!" Mr. Marvell started and swung toward the door, trying as he did so to conceal his unmanly occupation. The draft, sweeping up the stairs when Mr. Ember banged the street door behind him, must have blown it open.

It was Prunella—or Mrs. Ember, or Miss Green, as, according to circumstances, you might call her—who stood there, with a negligé crop of pale sunlight-colored curls falling across the brow of her little heart-shaped face that had, a trifle too obviously, been freshly powdered. She had on, also, rather too much lipstick, that gave a defiant fullness to her wide but pretty mouth, and the old pink sweater she had pulled on over a pair of shabby gray flannel slacks revealed the thin soft lines of her figure as, hands in her pockets, she strolled smiling across Mr. Marvell's threshold.

There was nothing "stagy" or impudent about her entrance; she just drifted in as though she hoped she would be welcome, was sorry if she wasn't, but couldn't help doing it all the same.

"What were you *doing*?" She looked up into Mr. Marvell's face with a child's frank and overwhelming yet inoffensive curiosity.

"I was trying to th-thread a n-needle!" stammered Mr. Marvell, quite unable, on the spur of the moment, to invent an explanation.

"A *needle!* Whatever were you doing with a *needle?*" persisted Prunella, as though no more exotic implement than a needle had ever been invented and that she had seldom seen one, except in museums.

Mr. Marvell, recovering himself, gave a little laugh.

"As a matter of fact, I'm just setting a few things in order that seem to have been overlooked by—by the proper people, before going away for the week-end." He thought that sounded sufficiently light, and at the same time dignified, to evade further inquiries.

☆ SHE stood in silence, looking up at him, and Mr. Marvell would have had to be a very blind or very self-centered person not to have observed in her wide light eyes the slight fullness and overshininess of a person who has recently been crying.

"Give me that needle and let me thread it."

He found himself handing thread and needle over without a word.

"There!" said Prunella as, womanlike, she drew the thread through at the first attempt.

"That is most kind." Mr. Marvell made a little bow of gratitude. "Now I shall get on famously!" he assured her. But Prunella, instead of retiring, was gazing around the room.

"What have you got to sew?"

"Oh—just a trifle or two; a matter of five minutes—not more," lied Mr. Marvell.

Her lips curled mischievously.

"If it's five minutes for you, I bet it's forty seconds for me! Please give them to me. I've not got a darned thing to do, and I'm so dull I could shriek!" She had found and picked up the shirt. "Is this it? Just a couple of buttons, and—" she slid a practiced hand into the sleeve. "Yes, I guessed as much! You ought to have a tiny piece laid in just there, at the elbow, for strengthening. I do it for Max—he wears his shirts out just the same. It's because you wear your wristbands too tight. Haven't you got an old shirt I could cut up for the little patch? I adore patching; I learned it at the convent, you know. I bet you won't be able to see this when I've finished—"

The breath was smitten from Mr. Marvell's body. To have a young and pretty woman insisting upon interesting herself in his wardrobe was a state of affairs he had never in his life visualized. Embarrassed, terrified that she might insist on exploring farther—what on earth would she say if she saw his pajamas, his deplorable woolens, not to mention the drawerful of rejected socks which he kept for shoe-cleaning?—he did as he was told.

"Is all the rest of your going-away stuff all right? Haven't you a spot of darning? What about making a collection, and we'll take them up to

my place, shall we? Gosh, you are cold down here!" Prunella broke off to shiver.

"I'm so sorry—the room seems to get a little stuffy if one lights the fire too soon!" lied Mr. Marvell hurriedly.

"Stuffy! You must be a cave man, or have had inoculations for drafts, if you manage to be stuffy in this house!" scoffed Prunella. "Is that really all? Let's go up—I'm afraid it's rather a mess, but I don't seem to have got round to any tidying just lately."

It was indeed a mess. Mr. Marvell, who had the orderly habits of the old bachelor, concealed his shock at the litter in the young Embers' sitting room. Nor was the litter the worst of it: The once off-white carpet bore

the stains of many cocktail parties; the pale shoddily smart furniture and the showy hangings had the squalid disreputable look of a place in which its owners had ceased to take any interest. There were a good many photographs of Max and Prunella, a few of leading West End actors and actresses, and a couple of framed eighteenth-century playbills of no interest or value whatever. It seemed, to Mr. Marvell's eye, a sad place for those two bright young creatures, Max and Prunella Ember.

"There's about a tablespoonful of vermouth and no gin whatever. I can't offer you a drink. We haven't even any beer," apologized Prunella.

"Thank you, but I seldom drink at this hour of the day," replied Mr. Marvell.

Prunella switched on the light of a floor lamp, found a sewing bag and sat down on a hassock in front of the fire with Mr. Marvell's shirt across her knee. It was very sweet, very domestic for a lonely old man to sit there in a shabby armchair watching Prunella sew.

☆ ". . . AND though we're not on very sympathetic terms, I feel it my duty to make this one little annual concession to Charlotte's family feelings!"

An hour had passed, and he found himself talking to Prunella as though he had known her all his life. He had just described to her the sort of Christmas he expected to spend at his sister's, and Prunella had said "Gosh!" and all the expletives the youth of today has invented to express its cynicism, its irony, and its profound disillusionment. She made no concealment of her opinion that Mr. Marvell was a bit of a fool to waste his time, his money, and his fraternal sentiments upon Lady Pentridge.

"I know it sounds a bit silly," Mr. Marvell admitted. "But I know Charlotte and, to tell you the truth, I can't bear to do her out of this little sop to her conscience."

"Do people like that have consciences?" scornfully inquired Prunella.

"Oh, dear me, yes. And if Charlotte's pricks her for ignoring my existence for three hundred and sixty-two days out of the year—which, bless her, does me no harm whatever and must spare her some embarrassment—I don't think I ought to frustrate her efforts to make amends!"

"Oh, well, you'll probably have no worse a Christmas than other people. I think Christmas is a beastly time!" Prunella spoke with sudden violence. "I mean, when you've stopped being a kid and the Christmas tree and hanging up your stockings don't mean a thing to you any more. Why should people—grown-up people—make a fuss about Christmas? It's no more exciting than Easter, for instance, and at Easter you aren't expected to go around beaming peace and good will at people you can't bear the sight of—"

"Where are you and your husband spending Christmas?" asked Mr. Marvell.

"Oh, Max has gone off to his people," returned Prunella, with—for an actress—overdone carelessness.

Mr. Marvell's heart gave an uncomfortable little tick.

"And you, I suppose, are going to yours?"

"Haven't got any," said Prunella crisply.

"But—you're not going to stay here—alone?" The words seemed driven from him.

"Why not? I'd sooner do that than go where I'm not welcome. Max's mother doesn't like me—it's not her fault or mine; she's just that sort of woman. She's never got over the fact that her precious son could look at another woman besides herself. I understand her in a way. I couldn't afford to send her a present this year, so I've sent her something she'll like much better—her darling Max, whom she'll be able to spoil to her heart's content without having to bother about his tiresome wife!" She ended on a bitter little laugh.

". . . My dear," said Mr. Marvell, after a long pause, "forgive me—but I'm afraid you're very unhappy."

Prunella looked up with a quick frown, then opened her eyes very widely indeed, to restrain, Mr. Marvell guessed, the tears.

"Oh, no. Nothing of the sort. At least—" She began to stammer, and her head went down again toward her sewing. "Look here. It's no business of yours—of course—but you're really a sweetheart, and what you must have put up with, living under us, nobody knows!—Max and I have about come to the end of things. Please don't say anything sentimental about it, because it's as good as fixed, and I hope to goodness there isn't going to be any more arguing. We just seem to have stopped getting on together. I irritate him and he maddens me, till we could stick knives in each other! Max is a swell boy and a clever boy, and he was lovely when we were engaged; but we're no good at this marriage stuff."

"I *am* sorry," said Mr. Marvell simply.

"That's all right. As for pitying me for being by myself for Christmas, you needn't think a thing. Gosh, it'll be *heaven* to be alone—after the last fortnight—with neither of us speaking a decent word to the other—and Max talking about gas ovens—and rows over the bills—and—and—" Prunella Ember put her head down on her knees and wept—presumably at the prospect of her "heaven." After a brief hesitation, Mr. Marvell bent over and stroked the top of her head very gently.

☆ HE could not get to sleep that night. He lay in the cold little narrow bed, staring at the dark; wondering if Prunella, overhead, was doing the same; wondering what Max, in his parents' house at Hampstead, was making of the miserable situation.

Next morning Mr. Marvell finished his packing. He was ashamed of the shabby old bathrobe that lay on the top of his neatly folded belongings, but preferred to take it rather than borrow one from his brother-in-law. He closed and strapped his valise, and seeing there was an hour and a half before his train left Paddington, wondered if it was too early to go upstairs and pay Prunella a little visit of farewell. Ten o'clock; he would give her another half hour. Meanwhile he took out his notecase and carefully verified the small wad of notes—his savings during six months—he had drawn the previous day from the bank.

He had already spent a pound on bath salts for Charlotte and a diary for Percy, but, counting the loose silver in his pockets, he had a shilling or two under ten pounds, and he knew from experience that his visit to Pentridge Park would cost him every penny of it. Fares, taxis, a modest game of bridge—having no practice,

(*Continued on page 41*)

YOUR POCKETBOOK AND INFLATION

BY LEON HENDERSON

ADMINISTRATOR OF THE OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

Your pocketbook begins to ache when inflation is on the way. That is why you have a personal interest in the high cost of living. And that is why you will find this article by Mr. Henderson interesting and important to you. Mr. Henderson's job is to keep the cost of living under control. In the first part of this article he tells why prices rise. Then he gets down to business and tells you what he intends to do about it.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

☆ THIS country is learning things. It's going to school again. It's taking a graduate course in the higher strata of economic theory.

It's renewing its acquaintance with the meaning of a mass production-high consumption economy.

Perhaps, as far as we are concerned, that's the silver lining to the dark cloud which a barbarous war has cast over the world.

Ever since 1929 we, as a nation, have been suffering from an inferiority complex. But now we are snapping out of it. We are flexing our industrial muscles, drawing deep breaths, plunging into the armament program with a will that can only lead to eventual success for the defenders of democracy here and abroad.

But we are too apt to lose our perspective in days like these.

Things happen too fast, time becomes too compressed. Let's check up on our bench marks, find out just where we stand from an economic standpoint in regard to the years that have passed and the years that lie ahead. Perhaps, by so doing, we will gain a better appreciation of our future, first during the period of the armament effort, and second in the postwar period to follow.

Where are we and where are we going?

After ten years of on and off depression, of WPA, PWA, NYA, and all the rest, we suddenly find ourselves lifted by government spending for guns to a place where unemployment is nearing the vanishing point, where national income is reaching up toward the long-dreamed-of hundred-billion-dollar mark, where there can actually be two chickens in every pot, if not two autos in every garage.

Production indexes tell the story—up and up they have climbed, past the 1929 mark of 110, past the 1937 mark of 113, past the 1940 mark of 123, up and on up to 166—a peak very few economists ever thought we would reach. Production now makes 1929 look like a depression. That's the record in cold figures of capacity operations right across the board, in steel, in aluminum, in mining and smelting, in dozens of other industries large and small. And it shows up in our Detroits and our Pittsburghs.

Dollars have done it—dollars which we have to spend to tame a madman. But if we can do it for guns and tanks and airplanes, we can do it for the things men eat and wear and live in.

The important point is that we are demonstrating to ourselves that there's life in the old gal yet; that capitalism isn't a dead faith; that we, as free men, can match and beat the best that slaves driven by a totalitarian dictator can produce.

But hard days are ahead.

We are producing as we have never produced before, over 40 per cent beyond 1929. We will continue to do that. But consumption is a different story. Thus far, the biggest gains have been in consumers' goods, the kind you and I use in our homes—food, clothing, furniture, houses, automobiles, washing machines—there is al-

most no end to the list. However, the defense plants are beginning to take their toll. That's the way it should be. You can't win a war with a curling iron or a juke box. The shift of production to armaments is starting, it's going to gain momentum, and, as plants swing over, output of consumers' goods will drop.

You can still buy almost anything you want in the stores. But armaments are accounting for only 12 to 15 per cent of our national output at present. Soon the figure will be 20 per cent; eventually 30, 40 per cent; perhaps even more than half of our production.

The days to come will test our mettle. The courage, or lack of it, with which we meet the inevitable consumers' goods shortages caused by an all-out defense effort, will determine our fitness to live in a brave new postwar world. France got soft, and couldn't change. England grew soft, too, but if tougher free people now exist, they escape my notice.

Already we are beginning to feel a pinch here, a tight spot there. First it was aluminum and some of the less familiar metals, such as chromium, nickel, and magnesium. Then came copper, zinc, and tin; and now it's steel.

Just look how drastically copper for civilians has been cut. Substitutes have helped: plastics have found a thousand new uses; wood is coming back.

But even some of the substitutes are growing short. Will we make it fashionable to go without?

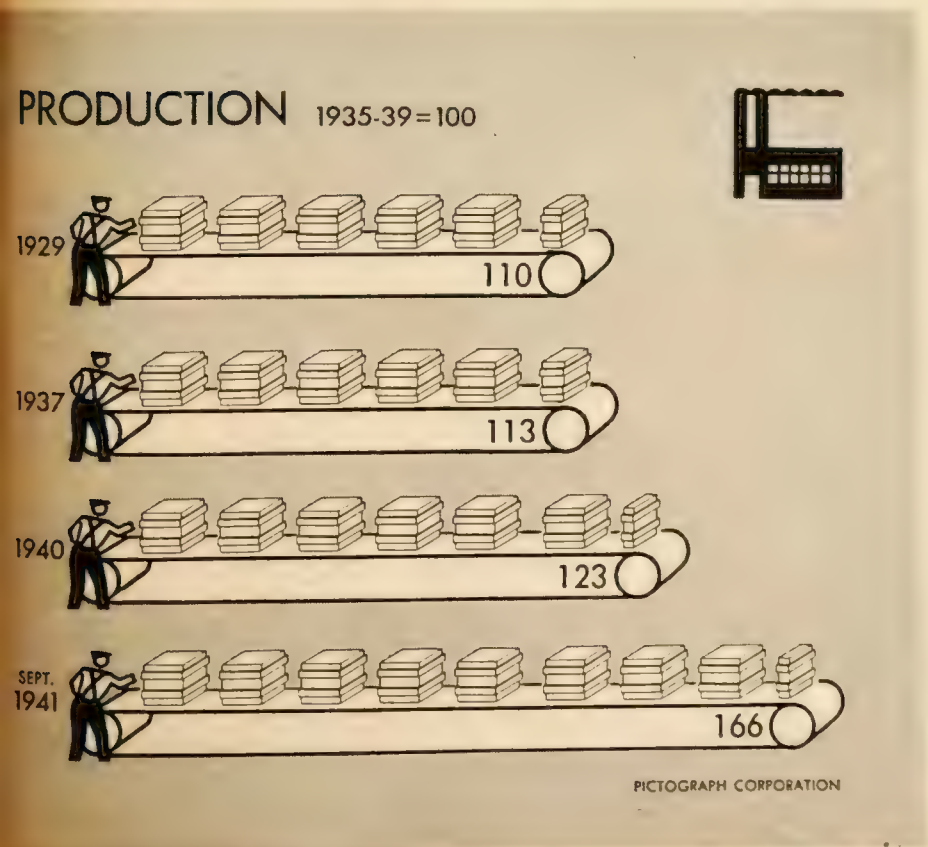
Soon the "pinches" will be all about us. Then we will really have to pull in our belts. But we must not accept sacrifice as a hair shirt. We need to know something positive for which we sacrifice. If we give up copper in our automobiles, we ought to know it's going into defense. But more sustaining will be our belief that sometime in the future we can use these raw-material supplies, these factories and machine tools and new-found skills, to turn out consumers' goods, to raise our standard of living, to abolish poverty and want from the land.

I said we are going to school. We are. We're taking courses in a lot of subjects. We're learning about things most of us never heard of before—priorities, price control, export control, amortization, excess-profits taxes.

But do not become alarmed about those things. They are just weapons to use in an emergency. Unfamiliar, confusing, complicated, yes—but temporary. They are something to be endured without any more complaining than necessary, something we have to struggle along with because of the nature of a wartime economy. Keep them in mind as disciplines we have freely chosen to impose on ourselves.

The basic reason for them is shortages of raw materials. And here again we are learning a lesson that will stand us in good stead in the better years ahead.

We thought we had plenty of capacity all down the alphabet—from alu-



minum to zinc. But we were thinking in terms of an economy limping along on two cylinders, an economy with eight or ten million men out of jobs. We know now from sad experience in these last few months that when these jobless are given jobs, given machine tools to operate, we don't have enough raw materials to keep them busy. The theorist said we wouldn't—but who pays attention to the theorist?

And so the defense program is doing something else that will help us in the future—it's bringing about an expansion of all kinds of productive facilities. We're setting this country up with the basic raw-material-producing capacity to support full employment turning out consumers' goods when the need for armaments is past.

Until we get these additional supplies of raw materials, until we get a lot of new plants equipped with machine tools, until we get every last able-bodied man who isn't in the army, the navy, or the marine corps working at some productive job, we have to use these temporary measures of priorities and price control.

☆ AND that's where I come in. I teach two courses in this emergency curriculum—price control and civilian supply. They are brothers. They have a joint purpose: to keep our economic system on a sound and stable basis during the emergency, and to maintain a broad safe highway for an easy transition to a peacetime economy when the war is over.

Their need flows from shortages—shortages of men, machines, and materials—the three Ms we thought we had in such abundance a few years—yes, even a few months ago.

Wars always seem to develop such shortages. But this is the first war situation in which we have enough statistical data and economic knowledge to really do something about the evils which shortages breed.

If supplies are adequate, prices are no problem. Then the law of supply and demand works out a fair price for everybody in an impersonal sort of way. But wars twist supply and demand all out of joint. Left to themselves, prices go through the roof. That's what happened twenty-five years ago. Belatedly the government woke up to what was happening and moved to repeal the law of supply and demand and to hold some prices in line through direct controls. But there were no very good price indexes or price experience then. Lacking the warning which index movements give, the problem was upon us before we realized its danger. We moved too late and too little—wholesale prices doubled between 1914 and the armistice. And then the controls over prices instituted during the war were removed too soon after the armistice—and prices jumped another forty points.

Such price rises mean trouble. First of all, they add tremendously to the money cost of carrying on an armament program, for the prices the government must pay go up along with all the rest. This means a bigger debt and more taxes to pay it off.

Secondly, wildly fluctuating prices hamper production—the primary task of every armament effort—by inducing speculators to hoard, by diverting needed raw materials from productive processes, thus creating unnecessary shortages, and by forcing plant managers to struggle with that disturbing problem, constantly shifting costs.

In the third place, runaway prices create unrest and lower morale by forcing arbitrary cuts in living standards for every one dependent upon a relatively fixed income, particularly pensioners, white-collar workers, and those living upon the return from securities or savings. During the last war government workers in Washington lost 25 per cent of their standard of living.

And, finally, inflated prices are inevitably followed by deflated prices when the emergency is over—meaning bankruptcy for thousands of business men when they write down the value of their goods on their shelves; hardship for farmers with mortgages on high-priced land purchased with three-dollar wheat, thirty-eight-cent cotton, and twenty-dollar hogs; and bread lines for labor thrown out of jobs. Look what happened last time. The country was deliriously happy to have peace. Every one wanted to get back to "normalcy." But falling prices kept returned soldiers unemployed, caused eleven billion dollars to be lost through inventory write-offs, and created despair. Small wonder that governments fear postwar deflation will cause their downfall and drive people to the "isms."

This time we have a chance to profit from what we learned in the past. But we want to do it the democratic way, to preserve the basic structure of our capitalistic system, to maintain the principles of free choice.

☆ HITLER has kept Germany's prices steady. But how did he do it? By putting all industry and business in an economic strait-jacket, by breaking up the labor unions and substituting a "labor front," by imposing price control with the firing squad and the concentration camp.

That's not the American, not the democratic way. Our policy should be based on a minimum of control, a minimum of interference with the free play of supply and demand. That's the theory the Office of Price Administration has been following. Prices have risen in the past two years, although I believe the efforts to secure voluntary co-operation of industry have been instrumental in avoiding much sharper increases.

Now the time has come for most positive steps by the government to check the chiseler—steps based on legislation providing reasonable penalties bearing directly on violators of price ceilings. Such a bill is now being debated by Congress. Its enactment will provide us with some of the weapons to take more effective action in behalf of stable prices, yet at the same time protect business men from arbitrary or capricious action through the traditional right of appeal to the courts. Given such legislation, with adequate tax and savings programs, I am convinced we can avoid the evils of runaway inflation in this country.

But price control is only half the story. Maintenance of morale, avoidance of hardship require not only that we keep prices within bounds but that we strike a balance between the maximum possible production of armaments and production of enough consumers' goods to keep our economic system functioning efficiently. This means that neither the armament plants nor the consumers' goods plants can be permitted to hog the supply of scarce raw materials. It would be unwise to push armament production so far that efficiency of men working in such plants was impaired by lack of the necessities of life, of transportation facilities, of those goods whose enjoyment means the difference between an embittered, discouraged individual and one who is contented.

☆ WE have to make a choice, to strike a balance between the supplies of scarce materials going into defense and those going into consumers' goods. This means curtailment in some fields—particularly those consumers' goods made of the metals which compete directly with needs of plants turning out aircraft, tanks, guns, and all the other munitions of war. Already production of automobiles, refrigerators, and a lot of other such "durable" consumers' goods has been cut—but always with an eye to the replacement needs of the economy. That's the unpleasant part of the course in "civilian supply" which it's my job to put before the American people in this emergency.

Equally important is the need for assuring sufficient raw materials—particularly metals—to keep our existing stocks of goods in operating order. This means allocations and issuance of priority ratings for such things as repair parts and maintenance materials. It would be criminal to hamper operation of a municipal water supply system, a factory producing essential civilian or defense goods, for lack of a repair part.

Thus, in some places we have to curtail production, cut off material supplies; in other places, make sure that materials are available. Like price control, this is a harsh method of running an economy, one which at best can only roughly approximate the correct answers. But it's the only way we can get through this emergency. Only the need to defeat Hitler and our hope for a better world, a world in which we can make use of the added capacity now being created for producing goods, justifies such actions. And so I ask you to view these unaccustomed controls in their proper light. Like bitter medicine, they are unpleasant to take, but they will help beat Hitler and they will make a better life for us in the future.

THE END

SPORTS FORECAST FOR 1942

Crystal ball stuff!—An expert goes out on a limb of prophecy and gives you all the winners

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AS these somewhat deathless lines are written, this country is not yet at war. If the same happy situation prevails when you read them, pay heed to the following predictions, made with the invaluable aid of a trusty ouija board, a small secondhand crystal ball, some guaranteed-not-to-shrink tea leaves, and a well-groomed gypsy I met outside of Knoxville, Tennessee.

In baseball, it is hard to see how one of the 1941 pennant winners can lose in '42, and equally difficult to see how the other can win. The Yanks, of course, are the team that should romp home in front. But the Brooklyn Dodgers, Lord love the wonderful bums, will have to import a lot of talent to stand any chance in the National League scramble.

Only one thing is sure: If the talent is available, Brooklyn will get it. Leave that to Larry MacPhail.

"We'll win it again in 1942," said John McDonald, the Brooklyn club's secretary. "Forget about those ballplayers on the field. The '42 pennant will be won for the Dodgers in the same place the '41 flag was won—in Larry MacPhail's head. His resourcefulness is worth ten games a season to us, and that's enough of an edge to clinch it."

I was lucky in my predictions this past season. I called the turn with a positively frightening accuracy. In the American League I picked the Yankees, and this is what I said, quoting one National League manager, about the National League race:

"Let anything happen to either Derringer or Walters"—as something did: Derringer was hurt—"and . . . I wouldn't be surprised to see Brooklyn, St. Louis, and possibly even Pittsburgh beat out 'the Deacon's Heroes.'"

Now, having told you what John McDonald thinks of the '42 National League pennant race, let me say that, even with strong field glasses, I can't see any team winning but the St. Louis Cardinals. Getting a normal share of the breaks, they should win by half a dozen games, with Ernie White and Howard Pollet the leading pitchers in the league.

For further, later, and more expert predictions, I suggest that you see Liberty's annual major-league prediction poll, taken just before the season starts from among the foremost baseball writers in the country.

Last year I picked Joe DiMaggio to win the American League batting championship—and then he hit only a miserable .357, and hit in only fifty-six consecutive games! If he doesn't do better than that in 1942, Joe McCarthy ought to bench him for not hustling! Seriously, Ted Williams deserves a world of credit for his amazing average of .406, and no one congratulated him any more sincerely than Joe DiMaggio. Joe's failure to win in '41, though, is not going to stop me from picking him to do it this year. If I pick Jolting Joe and lose . . . well, at least I'm losing with a champion.

The National League batting champion, I thought was going to be Johnny Mize—and on August 15 Johnny *was* within hailing distance of the eventual winner. In every past season he has come roaring down the homestretch to tack an extra twenty points on his batting average. Last year he didn't. Pete Reiser did. This young

man, whom Jack Dempsey nicknamed "Two-Gun Pete" in Liberty, might easily develop into the DiMaggio of the National League. If Reiser doesn't win in '42, then I look for Johnny Hopp of the Cards to wear the batting crown.

Having been correct in picking the National League to win the '40 World Series, and the American League to win the '41 Series, I will now go a little further. Here's a really daring prediction:

The St. Louis Cardinals will defeat the New York Yankees in the 1942 World Series—*in four straight games!*

And if you want to look now at the four most talented newcomers in 1942, cast your eyes on Billy Cox, a twenty-two-year-old right-hand hitting shortstop from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, playing for the Pittsburgh Pirates; Chet Kehn, an eighteen-year-old right-handed pitcher just brought up by the Brooklyn Dodgers; Early Wynn, a young, strong right-handed pitcher with the Washington Senators; and Babe Barna, the fence-busting rookie who will smash his way to a regular spot in the New York Giants outfield.

☆ IN boxing, I claim no awards as a swami for having told you that Joe Louis would go through 1941 undefeated. Will he go through 1942 the same way? I think so, although any number of experts think otherwise. Ray Arcel, the best second in boxing, has told me: "If Joe Louis continues to slip as much as he did during his last three fights, he will be defeated by the first good heavyweight he meets in 1942."

Toots Shor, the New York fight expert, disagrees with Arcel, saying: "Louis has slipped in only one way—he's not as hungry as he used to be and, therefore, not as ambitious. But he's got much more experience, and you can put me down as saying that if Louis comes out of the army to defend his title, he'll knock out whoever fights him within five rounds."

Ray Robinson, a 140-pounder from Harlem, will be the new welterweight champion whenever he gets a crack at the title. He's the best young fighter to come along in many years. If he stays in good condition, he can go on to win any title for which he's eligible.

Boxing, according to one expert who asked to remain unnamed, is in the worst condition ever. "I hate to knock my own racket, but outside of Louis," he snorted, "there isn't a real champion. They're all phonies. The tip-off on how bad they are is that one spavined old veteran who isn't fighting any longer, Lew Feldman, holds decisions over the present featherweight, lightweight, and welterweight champions!"

The situation is really that bad. However, there are two new heavyweights you are likely to know more about by New Year's Day, 1943. One is Lem Franklin, a young right-hand puncher from Cleveland who bears the stamp of approval of Joe Louis. The other is a kid out of Chicago named Johnny Colan, and he's already knocked out more people than a policeman's night stick.

The taste of America's sports fans is improving. That ridiculous burlesque of honesty, professional wrestling, appears to be disappearing entirely from the scene.

As to football in the fall of 1942, this round-up would be less than complete without a word from Ted Husing. Says he:

"I didn't miss by too much last year when I gave you Steve Juzwik and Dippy Evans of Notre Dame, Eldridge of Georgia Tech, and the others. You've got to be lucky to pick outstanding backs ten months in advance, because there is the chance that the kid will flunk a few subjects and be ineligible to play, or that he'll be hurt in training, or that he'll be shifted to a position where he won't carry the ball much.

"But if these kids play in 1942, get ready to read many a headline about Tommy Kuzma of Michigan, Paul 'Tiger' White, also of Michigan, Hughie Cox of North Carolina, and Otto Graham of Northwestern.

"For your sophomore sensation watch George Pulliam of Dartmouth. This young antelope may gallop down from the hills of Hanover to make himself an All-American in his first year on the varsity.

"The best college lineman of the year will be Al Wistert, the Michigan tackle. For further reference, see the coach of any team the Wolverines faced in 1941.

"College football should have a great year in 1942, commercially speaking. Pro football should also enjoy a continuation of the present boom, and the amazing Chicago Bears will continue to bully the rest of the league. The brightest star to shoot across the horizon of pro football in '42 will be a young man named Jimmy Blumenstock, now of Fordham."

Bob Kelley of the United States Polo Association admitted to me that there is not much hope for an upswing in polo until the war is over. "The game depends too much on an international flavor," he said.

☆ ODDLY enough, golf, which in the past has similarly depended to a great degree on foreign competition, had its greatest year in 1941 and is looking forward to an even greater one. Freddie Corcoran, the Professional Golfers Association's astute representative said: "In 1941 we played in thirty-four tournaments with a grand total of $200,000 in purses. This is more money than was ever before put on the line for golfers. In 1942 we may be shooting for as much as $225,000. We drew 500,000 spectators to our tournaments in '41, and this coming year we expect to lure an additional 50,000."

Last year I guessed that Byron Nelson would win the National Open. He didn't. This year, for what it is worth, my choice to win is Lloyd Mangrum, the Texan.

I picked Bud Ward to come back and regain his United States amateur crown, and I was lucky enough to have him come through for me. This time I give you a player who is a virtual unknown so far as national competition is concerned. The winner of the 1942 United States amateur golf championship will be young Mr. Lew Jennings of Portland, Oregon. He looks from here like the best youngster since Bobby Jones was one.

☆ LIKE boxing, tennis is at its very worst. The present champions are the best of an inferior lot, and will hardly be remembered ten minutes after they have lost their crowns. Tennis must have Davis Cup competition. The only reason why it didn't hit a similar decline during World War Number One is that, as the sound of bugles echoed, there emerged a champion among champions, Big Bill Tilden. His magnificent proficiency, plus his explosive personality, aroused a widespread interest that saved the game.

In 1942 I look for two Californian youngsters, Ted Schroeder and Ted Olewine, to meet in the finals for the national singles championship. Schroeder, I think, will win. The women's champion should be a pretty little girl from southern California named Louise Brough.

Basketball, according to Ned Irish, the Madison Square Garden impresario, is in for its biggest year. His basic reason is that in the past few years basketball talent has become spread out; no longer are a mere handful of schools getting the pick of the nation's high-school stars. Coaches from every section have helped pick, as the new titleholders:

East: C. C. N. Y., New York University, and Rhode Island State. South: George Washington. Southwest: Rice. Southeast: Tennessee. Ivy League: Dartmouth. Midwest: Notre Dame. Big Six: Oklahoma. Big Seven: Colorado or Wyoming. West Coast: Southern California or Oregon State—probably U. S. C.

Last year I told you that either New World or Whirlaway would win the Kentucky Derby. New World didn't start, and, of course, Whirly went on to win it. This year I can give you four horses, with the probability that only two, at most, will start. In the order of my preference, they are Albert Sabath's Alsab, Warren Wright's Some Chance, the same gentleman's Sun Again, and Mrs. Payne Whitney's Shut Out.

I would like to make an additional guess that Whirlaway will continue to win until he breaks Seabiscuit's record as the greatest money-winning horse of all time.

And there, you lucky people, you have all the winners for 1942. If I'm right on as many things as I was in 1941, I am going to offer myself to the Smithsonian Institution. If I'm not, please write your complaints to my advisers! All I know is what they whispered into my shell-like ear.

THE END

Adolf and Evi in their—or his—Garden of Eden at Berchtesgaden.

MORE WOMEN IN HITLER'S LIFE

BY CURT RIESS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The story of the professor's daughter who tried to die . . Is she Der Führer's wife?

☆ GÖRING had taken the initiative after Geli Raubal's suicide in September, 1931. He not only did everything to have the scandal hushed up; he also kept close watch on Hitler, who was desperate after his niece's death, who every so often had crying fits, and who felt that never again could he be happy. Göring decided that the only cure for the loss of a girl you love is—another girl. That's what he was looking for. And that is how he hit on Evi Braun.

Of course he knew that Evi, the assistant to the Party's star photographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, had known Hitler some time before. He probably knew all about Hitler's flirtation with her, and about their ill-fated excursion near Munich, and the break between them.

But Göring wasn't the man to take such things too tragically. He went to Professor Braun, Evi's father, and had a talk with him. Lots of people in Munich know about that talk, because the Braun family spoke about it to all their friends. Professor Braun had become a fanatical Nazi, and Hitler was his god. Hitler's wish to have the company of his daughter—that is the way Göring put it—could not fail to make him proud. To especially good friends he even went so far as to confide that Hitler would marry his daughter.

All Munich knew that in the beginning Evi didn't like the idea a bit. But in a good old-fashioned German household it is the father who decides the private life of his daughter.

At first Evi couldn't possibly feel anything but fear toward the man who once had so shocked her that she never wanted to see him again. Such things are not easily forgotten. Even an order from her father couldn't make her forget. Only Hitler himself could. And he could only do it by never trying what he had tried once before; by never treating her the way he treated other women he came in close contact with.

Hitler did treat her differently. Perhaps he too was afraid—afraid he would lose her as he had lost Geli.

He treated her like a comrade. And a good comrade she was. The pretty girl with the ash-blonde hair and the intelligent lively face offered no problems. She was simple; she was easy to get along with. Hitler could relax in her presence. She would sing her Bavarian songs, accompanying herself on the accordion or the guitar. It was like being with an old friend.

☆ BUT though Evi tried to fight it, and though she probably didn't realize it for some time, Hitler became the center around which her life revolved. The year 1932, the last year before he came to power, was exciting, turbulent. One day it would look as though the Party would break up, as though it would sink into the morass of its debts. The next day mysterious millions would be there to pay the debts, the Party would win another victory in some small German state, and everything would look rosy again. It was a time full of adventures and conspiracies. What young girl would not have been impressed, living through all that?

Probably any girl living close to Hitler would have been impressed by him. After all, such things are contagious. Hitler could arouse the masses. Perhaps Evi didn't like all his arguments; perhaps she didn't even bother to think them through, because politics didn't interest her. But the very fact of the effect he had upon the masses did impress her—all the more because she, as a trained photographer, had a good eye for impressive scenes. It was she who in those decisive months took most of the pictures of Hitler that were distributed under the name of Heinrich Hoffmann—pictures which, according to Hitler and Goebbels themselves, played an important part in the last stages of the fight for power. It was she who, perhaps unconsciously, gave Hitler many tips on how to impress the masses.

It was all very exciting for Evi. But the Braun family asked half the inhabitants of Munich why Evi and Hitler didn't get married. They thought it shameful that the two traveled all over Germany without being married.

If the family had known the truth they would not have been so excited. Nothing whatsoever happened on those trips. There was even a chaperon—none other than Frau Himmler.

The wife of the man who later was to become the chief of the Gestapo and perhaps the most hated man in Europe was quite different from her husband. She wasn't interested in the Party or in politics. She was a small plump Bavarian woman without any pretensions, always gay, always eager for a good time. She probably wouldn't have minded if her husband had never become an important leader of the Party. Often, when she and Evi returned from one of those wild trips across Germany to the little house on the outskirts of Munich where the Himmlers lived, she would sigh, "Too bad we can't stay here all the time."

There was quite a scene between Evi and her family on Christmas Eve, 1932. Under the Christmas tree, they demanded that something be done. Either she would have to break off with Hitler or he would have to marry her. It was typical of the Nazi mentality that the family did not resent Hitler at all. The Führer could do no wrong. If he did not marry Evi, she was to blame.

Evi listened to it all—and she became desperate. On that very Christmas Eve she left her parents and fled to friends. "My family will never understand why I couldn't marry him even if he asked me," she said. "My family doesn't know about those things. . . . They don't know that the only condition under which I can be with Hitler is that I can leave him at any moment."

Then came the time when Evi could no longer leave Hitler on the spur of the moment.

☆ HITLER was in power. Hitler told 65,000,000 Germans what they had to do and what they were not allowed to do. It was only logical that the woman who was closest to him was not exempt.

Outwardly the situation changed somewhat. He rented a house for Evi at 12 Wasserburgerstrasse in Munich; later he bought it for her. There was a lot of gossip about that house. Some said that Hitler wanted to have Evi as near to him as possible; indeed, the house was only a few steps from his own Munich apartment. Others said Hitler had taken it because Evi refused to go back to her family.

The house was not large, but big enough for a young girl. She could manage easily with two servants. Hitler also gave her a beautiful blue convertible, which was driven by a chauffeur in livery. Everything seemed to be fine. Evi did not realize yet that she was merely the first prisoner of the Third Reich.

Women are so complex. She was afraid that any day now Hitler would want more of her than friendship. But at the same time she felt with sadness, sometimes even with despair, that he was getting away from her.

She had been close to him for more than two years now. Early in 1934 she went to Berlin to live with her married sister. More than two months had passed since she had last seen Hitler. When she tried to reach him at the Chancellery, she failed. The reason she learned only much later. It seems that some of the men around Hitler, especially Göring, Goebbels, and Streicher, were not interested in the continuation of the Evi affair. Each of them tried again and again to introduce to Hitler some beautiful and interesting woman who, if she should find favor in Hitler's eyes, would mean a big advantage to the man who had introduced her.

When Evi finally succeeded in seeing Hitler, nothing much happened. He said that he had not seen her because he had very little time. He talked at great length about his mission, and said that this mission was more important than anything else. When they said good-by, both were pretty cool. And when Evi returned to Munich, she told her friends that it was all over.

☆ ASIDE from her Munich friends, the very existence of this girl who played such a part in Hitler's life was known only to a handful of people in Germany and to practically nobody outside. The reason was that nothing had ever been published about her in German newspapers, let alone any pictures of her.

Evi, who knew so much about publicity, could figure out that this publicity boycott was not just due to chance. Goebbels must be behind it. He was indeed. Goebbels, who more than Göring or the other Hitler intimates feared any outside influence on the Führer, made quite a point of keeping Evi's existence a secret from the German people.

And then something strange happened. Evi fell in love. The man was Robert S——, an engineer in one of the great factories near Munich. He was tall, blond, and had a boyish smile. Ironically enough, Evi made his acquaintance through Frau Himmler. He was fascinated by her naturalness, by her soft-spoken charm. He would telephone her repeatedly. He would take her for walks in the English Garden, would accompany her to the opera and to the museums. He gave her something she had never had before: he treated her with consideration, with kindness. It was she who could decide what to do, where to go, when to see him. For the first time, Evi felt like a real woman.

The friendship became deeper and more intense in the following months. It may be assumed that Robert knew nothing about Evi's relations with Hitler—for, otherwise, would he have asked her to marry him?

She said she would. Then she wrote a long letter to Hitler and told him of her intention. Then she started to pack her things. Of course she was going to leave the house in the Wasserburgerstrasse. She would take only her personal belongings.

Five days passed after she mailed the letter. There was no word from Berlin. Then Göring arrived. One morning Robert S—— was called to the president of his factory, who asked him to go to Berlin by the next train. In Berlin he learned that he had a contract—a very good contract indeed

—with a German firm in South America. The authorities considered it his patriotic duty to accept this contract at once. He would not have time to go back to Munich; his boat was to leave Hamburg the following afternoon.

During the evening he attempted repeatedly to reach Evi, but her telephone did not answer. He went away without having seen her.

Since Evi did not hear from Robert during the next few days, she made inquiries—and found out that he had gone to Berlin. Now she feared the worst. Perhaps they had put him into a concentration camp.

She took the next train. In Berlin, nobody seemed to know anything about him. She went to Berchtesgaden, where Hitler happened to be staying. There was an argument which, according to the witnesses, was quite loud and bitter and lasted till the early hours of the morning.

☆ MORE than ever Evi was determined to break with Hitler. He told her that he had never received her letter, that he didn't know a thing about Robert S——, and he begged her to calm down. When he was with Evi, the jealously possessive *petit bourgeois* side of his character was dominant. He had not seen her much during the last few years. She now played almost no part in his life. But she was the only woman who "belonged" to him, and he was determined not to let her go. Again and again he told her that, once he had fulfilled his mission, he would be with her all the time.

During the following months Evi was pretty much alone again. When she came to Berlin, it was better, because then she would stay with her old friend, Frau Himmler, who now lived on an estate near the capital.

Frau Himmler was indeed the only important person who recognized Evi at all. Goebbels' wife and Göring's wife cut her. Frau Käthe Anna von Ribbentrop spoke contemptuously of her as "that Bavarian chit."

Frau von Ribbentrop probably could not forget that she had not been born a noblewoman. She was the daughter of the champagne manufacturer, Otto Henkell, who was so rich that his daughter could marry the relatively poor Joachim von Ribbentrop—who got the "von" only through adoption by an aunt, which was arranged by the ambitious Käthe. She was extremely elegant, very good-looking, and a power in the salons of Berlin. Even so, she was never quite accepted by the real old Berlin society. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why she always looked for a target, for somebody to step on. Evi was a welcome target. The sophisticated Frau von Ribbentrop could make fun of her. The other ladies of the Third Reich followed suit gladly.

Of course Käthe von Ribbentrop would never have dared to say a word against Evi if Hitler had shown any displeasure. But Hitler seemed ignorant of what was going on under his nose.

By the spring of 1938 he suddenly decided that he wanted Evi's company more often. Again and again she was invited to Berchtesgaden. He even built a little house for her, very near his own Berghof, so that he could visit her without being widely observed. The two took long walks; she would sing for him and take pictures of him and listen to his interminable speeches.

About that time there were rumors that Hitler would marry Evi. I am not prepared to say that he didn't. I suppose nobody could prove it. But I think the report that he did marry her is utterly untrustworthy. If Hitler had married, he would presumably have made his wedding a national festival. At least, he would have had to tell the public sometime. And how could he possibly have explained his having married in secret?

The only basis for the rumors of marriage was the fact that, of all his women, only Evi stayed with him through all those years. But this fact can be explained much more simply. Evi was able to stay with Hitler because he did not make life unbearable for her.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

LONDON PRIDE, by Phyllis Bottome.

Since 1940 there has been so much testimony printed about London's ability to "take it" that, despite unlimited sympathy and admiration, readers may tend to avoid more about it. In the case of this book that would be a mistake. Without recourse to any rhetoric the author focuses closely upon a group of slum dwellers in the dock section hardest hit by the bombs and lets the story come through in their actions and distinctive speech. An eleven-year-old carries most of the story. It'll move you. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Hitler did not need more than friendship from Evi. As to his other needs—he had so many other women at his disposal. It was at that time that he went in for musical-comedy actresses, for dancers, especially nude dancers, for moving-picture stars. Evi had to stand for all that. She had to witness it all. And though she trembled with fear that Hitler might some day ask her to endure what he asked of other women, she was deeply humiliated that he preferred them.

Her nights were lonely. She was not so young any more. Now she was almost thirty, and she had put on some weight. She felt that life was passing her by.

That was when she tried to commit suicide.

It happened very suddenly. She left Berchtesgaden on the spur of the moment, driving by herself all the way to Munich. She entered her home there. She was alone; the servants were still in Berchtesgaden. She went to bed and took an overdose of a sleeping powder.

She was saved only by chance. Her married sister, who had come from Berlin to Munich to see her, telephoned to Berchtesgaden, only to learn that Evi had gone back to Munich. She went to the house in the Wasserburgerstrasse and saw the light in the bedroom. When her ring was not answered, she became worried. She finally got in by the back entrance. She saw immediately that Evi was drugged, and called a doctor.

Evi did not want to go on living. When aroused, she cried again and again, "I've had enough, enough . . ."

They say that Hitler broke down completely when he heard of it. He rushed to Munich. For days he sat at her bedside. "I don't want to lose you!" he kept exclaiming. Perhaps he was thinking of Geli, and of those other women who had embraced death on his account; or perhaps of the women who, after they had passed through his hands, went on living but were never quite the same again.

It was during those weeks that the rumor started that Hitler would retire from active politics; that he would set himself up as a kind of honorary president of Germany and would live somewhere apart while Göring did the real work. Many informed sources connected this intention with Evi. Perhaps Hitler really intended to go away with her.

But then came the war.

The men around Hitler had a shock in the first week of September, 1939. Evi arrived in Berlin to live in the Chancellery. Hitler himself had given orders to provide an apartment for her. From then on, whenever he came to Berlin, he would find her waiting for him. They were together all the time.

The more difficult the war situation became, the more Hitler needed the presence of Evi. He became nervous if she was not around. Again he proved himself the *petit bourgeois* who might go on a spree once in a while, but who in times of stress will always come back to whatever he regards as his family. Evi was the one person Hitler could always come back to.

☆ WE can only guess how Evi is feeling these days. She must be pretty lonesome in the bombproof Chancellery. There she is, a prisoner. Never, as long as there is a Hitler, will she get away from him. And once Hitler is no more, where will she be able to go?

Among the women whom Hitler has destroyed or brought to the verge of destruction, Evi's fate is not the most dramatic. But in a deep sense it is the most significant. And, from Hitler's point of view, the most tragic. Since Geli died he has never felt for any woman as deeply as for Evi. But, though he was able to kill hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions; though he was able to enslave whole nations; though he could excite and arouse millions of his own people—he could not do one thing. He could not make one woman happy. Not even the one he wanted above all to make happy.

THE END

MISSISSIPPI BELLE

Swaying like a flower out of green leaves, making fat men weep . . Caitlin hated it all

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

ILLUSTRATOR SEYMOUR BALL

READING TIME • 36 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ IN 1832 Caitlin Ryan, seventeen, leaves a convent school in Boston to marry Buck Preswald, just out of Harvard. Buck buys cotton land on the lower Mississippi and starts south with his young wife and a gang of Irish contract laborers. On the River boat he loses all he has—even the labor contracts—to Jim Blake, an ex-mathematics teacher turned gambler. Unable to face Caitlin, Buck shoots himself.

Blake, who needs Caitlin's signature in order to sell the $12,000 worth of labor contracts, makes her a proposition. If she will turn over the contracts to him, he will give her a share in the gambling house he intends to open in New Orleans. Caitlin, hating him with all her wild Irish heart, accepts because of her unborn child. If only she had known that Dan Bedford, a young man on his way to Memphis, wanted to take her to his mother's house, she could have defied Blake. But Coolin, one of the Irish laborers who has constituted himself Caitlin's watchdog, has refused to let Dan see her.

In New Orleans, Caitlin, as Kate Ryan, is a sensation as a singer in the gambling house. As such, she is shunned by decent people. When her son James—named for Shamus O'Ryan, her father—is two years old, she allows Sister Serena, a nun who taught her in Boston, to take him to a Catholic school near Nashville, so he will not discover his mother's position in New Orleans. She is ambitious for her boy and hopes some day to save up enough money to go away with him, to be simply his mother, Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald, a respectable widow.

PART FOUR—"THAT'S FOR BEING A FOOL!"

☆ THE years went by for Caitlin: two years—four. Three times a night she stood, a swaying flower, and sang the simple songs, the old emotional melodies that made the gentlemen wipe their eyes and order another drink to cover it. She sang the grand fighting songs that made the gentlemen reckless. She sang lullabies—the old ones every one knew. She sang Irish, she sang American, she learned to sing French and Cajun.

Betweentimes she managed the dancing, keeping the girls in order, handling them kindly when she could, but she learned to use the whiplash of her tongue. One, the big blonde, Lily Bullero, who had shot her fancy man, she made a sort of assistant.

Her real life, she told herself, was in the letters she got (irregularly—mails were uncertain) from Sister Serena. James was growing out of his clothes daily. James could say his A B Cs very nicely up to L, but he always pronounced that "hell." And when he was corrected he had to start all over. James had been kept in school for fighting. (Caitlin reread that one. *But she doesn't say if he licked him! Ah, sure he licked him! When the Big Mick didn't lick anybody—*) Betweenwhiles she'd count up her money—every penny saved was for her and James. The school was expensive, but she didn't grudge that—it would give James the education of his father. But every picayune would bring her nearer the day that she and James— She visioned Paris, maybe—or the glories of Dublin. . . . She did grudge the bowing, smiling shopkeepers the change from her quarter dollar—but she had to leave it. New Orleans expected that of Kate Ryan from Blake's. "Ah, never mind, please!" The *patron* himself handing her to her carriage. Hell in her heart!

She couldn't say she was unhappy in these years. But being a partner and a singer in a house of entertainment is hard work, and it is not always pleasant work.

You sing when you don't feel like singing. You smile when you don't feel like smiling. You smile and are deft at getting out from under the wet hands of important and highly connected drunks. You make them feel that you're going to do something you're not going to do. "And why not?" Caitlin would flare at herself sometimes. "I work, practicing. I make 'em laugh—I make 'em cry—with my father's songs that take the heart out o' me! And what's the other thing? It means nothing—no practice. The girls on the street are smarter than you, Kate Ryan, and so I tell you!"

That would be sometimes when she went to freshen up just before the

"H'm—good so, t'e lower leks." Mordecai stared judgmatically. "But is too long, t'e drawers."

two-o'clock—sometimes when she was very tired. . . . Ah, Shamus—ah, my lovely mother—

She'd allow herself a little sentiment—just to get in trim. She'd dip her middle finger in the rouge and work it into her face carefully. She'd powder the runnels of easy tears, take a little nip of brandy (it was a tradition that Kate Ryan never drank), and go down to knock 'em!

She'd make the hanging of Brennan on the Moor a thing men would remember . . . Once she sang The Minstrel-Boy to the War Is Gone on the two-o'clock. She never did again. It ruined the play for the rest of the night.

Blake explained that to her. Her last song should be a come-all-ye—something that would get them back to the tables feeling good—reckless. This was a business.

Blake himself was entirely frank about the tables. He would say, "Gentlemen, the zero is what keeps the wheel going. I think I have the only single-zero wheels in America; I'm not trying to get it all at once. I'm glad to run the wheel for any gentleman who thinks he's lucky. I've never believed in luck myself—but I know the mathematical probabilities. I run the wheel, supply the wheel and the house and the croupiers, and make a profit on one zero. What happens to players who go up against two-zero wheels I don't know. . . . Why, yes, sir, delighted to have you play a system. . . . Boy, bring the gentleman a pad of paper and pencil. . . . I tell you truly, sir, if you have a system that will really beat a single-zero, I'll be happy to invest all I have in it—and we'll own the world."

Caitlin couldn't understand why he didn't tell them they'd win. She told him so more than once.

"First, because it isn't true. Second, because they wouldn't believe me. Now see here—I've tried to explain abstract mathematics to you, my dear. Actually, no man knows more about abstract mathematics than you know about—say—God."

"I know about God—I believe in Him. You needn't—"

"Well, Sister Serena believes in God, but she doesn't know all about Him—so she says. You're one up on her there, my dear. . . . Now, I believe in an abstract mathematical principle. I've tried to explain it to Sister Serena, and her mind grasps it—while she doesn't accept it. She has a fine mind—she could have been a really great mathematician. I'm only a hack. But I'd no more betray my mathematics by lying about them to make a fool-trap than she would betray her God the same way."

Caitlin's hands clenched. "You're lying! Sister Serena never said a thing like that to you!"

"My dear, of course not! She didn't have to. She paid me—well, the best compliment I ever had. I showed her the games—she had to listen, because she's a lady. But she knew what I was talking about. Asked questions. And I said, 'Sister Serena, I'd give anything if you would put your mind to mathematics—you have a real mathematical mind!' D'you know what she said? She said, 'Mr. Blake, I pray every day on my knees that you may put your mind to God—because you have a really fine mind.' Now that's a compliment. Don't you see it?"

"Sure, Sister Serena is sweet and kind to every one, and her prayers would bring any one to God that could get there at all, and I hope and trust they bring you. But for your

mathematics—that you wouldn't betray—"

Blake shrugged. "Nothing like you for keeping to a point, my dear. Very well—forget mathematics. You never had any, anyhow. Put it this way—and try to listen.

"There is a lot more to this business than you have ever bothered to learn. Running the house, running the dancing, singing—that isn't where the profit is. That's loss—overhead. The profit is in the games. The games must have plenty of play. The way you get plenty of play is to make the players trust you—and come back. You can look at the books, my dear. They show a fair and steady profit—about what any other business ought to show on the investment. And that's because I run my part of the house my way."

She did look at the books. They meant nothing whatever to her, but Blake did finally get it through her head that they had a profit of something over fifteen thousand dollars between them.

The thing she grudged was the money for her clothes. They were business—Kate Ryan had to dress the part—but there were so many of them. Where she could save a dollar—and Kate Ryan was not supposed to save or haggle—she snaked it into a tin box in her dresser drawer. Her part of the fifteen thousand somehow didn't seem nearly as real or as important as the hundred and two dollars and twenty-eight cents she had in that box.

Well, things weren't so bad. She did wish that Bruce Norris wouldn't come in any more, though. He bothered her. Tall, darkly handsome, he had an attraction for her that she somehow knew was bad. Since Blake had warned him to keep his hands off her he hadn't touched her. But the way he looked at her made her feel his hands all over. You could slap his hands off, but you couldn't slap his eyes away.

Ah, she did want to get out of this place, and get her baby and bring him up like his father's people!

☆ IN those years of the middle '30s it began to look as though the time would be soon. President Jackson's long fight against the United States Bank was won. Money and credit, long dammed up by the uncertainties of investors, rushed westward in a flood. State banks—"pet banks," the anti-Jacksonites called them—set the presses going, turning out their own currency, based largely on an incurable optimism. Land values soared. Twenty-five cents an acre today—twenty-five dollars an acre tomorrow. And to the West a great incalculable empire, anybody's for the taking.

Nightly the game room was jammed now—but the stuff they threw on the tables was not the gold "yellow boys" of Jackson's first administration. Blake picked a bill up and examined it one night. It bore the grinning head of a wildcat.

"And not even reasonably decently printed," he commented.

"It's money, ain't it?" demanded the customer.

Blake shrugged. "Oh, sure—anything's money these days. Wildcat money."

He handed the player his stack of chips. The crowd laughed, and the name stuck and spread.

And everything went up and up. A man who bought a piece of swampland for a thousand dollars today sold it for five thousand tomorrow—that is, he traded it for another piece of swampland which the buyer claimed was worth three thousand plus the buyer's note. Then he sold that for ten thousand on the same basis. Up and up! Champagne; diamonds on the Royal Street girls; C-spring barouches rolling through the hot green dawn; twenty-cent cotton—some of the Paddies who had come downriver on that fateful trip such a short time ago now dropped into Blake's with plug hats shinier than Coolin's. Play ran high, but who cared? Plenty of money!

A year! Caitlin clutched the thought to her delightedly. Maybe less! The way profits were piling up—oh, she was the lucky girl at last, in spite of all her troubles!

"We ought to make some investments," she told Blake, "with a speculative feature."

"What do you mean by 'investments with a speculative feature'?"

"Buy land, of course. Sure, everybody else is!"

"Naturally. I put it badly, my dear. What I really meant to say is, who taught you those words? Otto Schwellenbach?"

"I don't know how you knew—it was Mr. Schwellenbach." Caitlin was still young enough to giggle. "He—he thinks he's in love with me. I guess that's why he told me."

"Did he tell you what lands to buy? No, I guess he didn't. He hasn't got any lands to sell. Schwellenbach is smart. Ten years ago he landed here as a contract laborer. Now he's a power in city politics. He gets his that way—not trading one swamp for another." Blake smiled. "Of course he's in love with you, my dear—who wouldn't be? But Otto Schwellenbach, so far as I know, has never made an investment that had a speculative feature."

"Then why would he—"

"Oh, to make talk. Any man likes to talk big to the woman he loves. But I wouldn't trade swamps on his say-so. What goes up must come down. You've got a good investment, with a speculative feature, right here in the house."

☆ "WHAT goes up must come down!" . . . That became almost a chant of Blake's. The men in the game room, drinking king's pegs—tall glasses of champagne laced with brandy—would throw him chaff about it. Amateur political economists would argue about it. It was going up and up—it was never going to stop! It couldn't stop—this was different! Up and up! The more money printed, the more money there was. The more and faster land was traded, the more money there was. One man maintained that an acre lot in a dismal swampy village named Chic-a-go, 'way up the River, had traded hands for seven thousand dollars. (He was drunk and nobody believed him but Blake. Blake had come to a state of mind where he could believe anything that the pure hysteria of a boom could produce.)

The boom worked this way: A state bank got government deposits. On the strength of these deposits it issued its own notes. Green money was green money, wasn't it? And with the presses working plenty of green money came out. A bank must lend—and the current security was land.

Blake watched it dubiously. The land wasn't worth what it was bringing—not even in wildcat money. And he had a suspicion that some of the wildcat bankers had sort of put two zeros on the wheel: some of them had just printed money a *leetle* too fast for the government deposits that backed it.

Then, in 1835, Blake thought he was right. The structure was beginning to totter. He braced his belt—cut down expenses.

He was wrong!

☆ IN May, 1836, a sweat-soaked, saddle-sore lieutenant of cavalry rode up to the White House, handed in his disptaches, and the government knew that the incredible had happened. . . . Sam Houston, with his army of 374 men, fighting a desperate rear-guard fight against Santa Anna's 7,000 regular Mexican troops, had finally made a stand at the San Jacinto River. And, gathering forces from the civilians, from anywhere and everywhere, he had annihilated the Mexican army and would produce Santa Anna in person as a prisoner of war. Texas was a free and independent republic—the Lone Star Republic!

The tottering funny-money structure stood on its feet. More land—in Texas! They went to Texas in elegant carriages—pushing handcarts and pushing green funny money.

Blake was glad to see the continuation of the boom. He was glad to have the game room jammed.

Caitlin said one night, "We ought to expand!"

"Where did you get that one? Otto Schwellenbach?"

"No—Mr. Schwellenbach hasn't said anything to me since I told him what you said about his advice on buying land. He's a very nice decent young man. I don't see why you talk about him like that."

"He's going to be a member of the City Council next week," Blake said grimly. "I'll show you what he shakes us down for week after next. . . . Now, what about this "expand" idea? Bruce Norris?"

"Well, he did say—"

"His aunt is dying in a house about three doors down from here. In two days it will be on the market. We don't want it—even if Bruce Norris could give clear title. He suggested an option, of course?"

Caitlin said, "You don't have to be unpleasant. He said he ought to have fifty dollars to bind the bargain. If he didn't, Madame Duval, that has the place next, would buy it tomorrow. And you know what reputation *that* would give us. Besides, we ought to expand—look at the way the players are crowded here."

"It's the way I like 'em. This thing isn't going to last much longer, my dear."

"Why not? Everybody says—"

"Everybody is wrong—as usual. Andrew Jackson is still President of the United States. And Andrew Jackson believes in hard money—gold. He has a curious idea that a man who borrowed in hard money ought to pay in hard money—and he doesn't go out of office until next March. This is June—and he can do a lot in that time."

☆ "YOU don't like him. Why do you say he can do so much?" "I don't vote for him—I'm a Whig. And the Jackson-Democrat crowd here in New Orleans are beginning to make an issue of closing the gambling houses. As to liking President Jackson—I both like him and admire him. But he's going to break this boom as sure as gun's iron. It may be the best thing for the United States—but it's going to give you and me a bad time. Your friend Otto Schwellenbach is high up in the Jackson-Democrat crowd here in New Orleans, by the way."

Caitlin got to her feet. "Well, I don't understand it at all, though I thank you for explaining it so clear. And I don't see why you always throw off on Otto Schwellenbach! Sure, why would he come here and play his money on the tables if he wants to close the house?"

Blake set out to explain all over again that the Jackson-Democrat set-up in New Orleans was a local thing and had nothing to do with the national election; that Otto Schwellenbach was becoming a power in city politics; that Otto Schwellenbach himself liked a decent flyer, but that there was a growing sentiment among the Jackson Democrats of New Orleans against the French Quarter. . . . "But this boom is going to break, my dear. President Jackson is already talking about issuing a Specie Circular. That means that the government will take nothing but gold for the buying of lands. No funny money."

"But—what's that got to do with me?"

"It's got this to do with you, my dear: You own half of this house—paid for in gold. You own half of a $17,000 deposit in the Banque La Fourche. The deposits were in gold until lately. If you want to, go down tomorrow and try to draw out your half in gold. You'll be surprised, my dear. You'll be very much surprised."

☆ CAITLIN had just enough fool curiosity to try. The nice bald-headed teller assured her that, while the bank had more than enough gold, he didn't think she'd like to try to carry that much gold—and besides, it would be hard to take care of. He advised easily handled green bills. Of course, if Miss Ryan needed gold for any special purpose—well, it might take a day or so.

He was bald-headed, and a quill behind his ear, and fresh brown-paper cuffs to him that his wife had made that morning. Sure there was nothing wrong with a bank like that!

Caitlin began to hear more about President Jackson and his Specie

"Why don't you stuff that chicken with apple pie, mom? You won't have so many dirty dishes."

Circular. Voices louder in the game room. What was this Jackson trying to do—ruin the country? Anybody knows that the more money the more credits. The more credits, the more money—ain't that right? The more money and credits, the faster we expand, huh? More we expand, into Texas or anywheres, the more money we get, don't we? Then what's this Jackson hollerin' about hard money for? Money's money—green or hard. Now, listen, Blake . . .

Blake said, "Buy your checks, gentlemen. Eleven dollars and a half in checks for every ten-dollar gold piece. Ten dollars in checks for every ten-dollar bill. . . . No gold? Then start the wheel, Jimmy."

☆ MARTIN VAN BUREN, Vice-President of the United States and picked candidate for President in this year of 1836, tripped up the steps of the White House in patent-leather shoes. The Red Fox of Kinderhook had come a long way from his father's tavern up the Hudson. He was disturbed by all this talk of a Specie Circular. A very good thing, doubtless—oh, certainly. The honest thing—the decent thing! But was it just the thing to do in an election year?

He didn't really want to talk to the old lone wolf. He was a little afraid to talk to him. But the lone wolf was a very sick wolf these days. Might not even last until— But the Vice-President would not think of that.

Tactfully Mr. Van Buren brought up the matter of the Specie Circular. The Red Fox of Kinderhook found a lone wolf on his feet, fighting.

"It's honest!" The words, whanged out in that curious nasal accent, still rang in Mr. Van Buren's ears as he tripped his patent-leather way down the steps. Yes—er—yes! Of course it was honest. And honesty was the best policy—surely, honesty was the best policy! But in an election year you had to be—er—practical.

Along the streets in New Orleans, wherever there was a patch of shade, men discussed the Specie Circular. They were worried. Times in the early '30s had been bad. But lately debtors had been able to pay their debts with cheap money. But now?

At Blake's, men spat and chewed their cigars. Talk was louder. "He can't do it!" "Hell, o' cou'se he can't do it." "Listen—ain't that bill money? Don't it say so? Well, then he cain't do it!"

Andrew Jackson issued the Specie Circular.

☆ A BANK broke in New York—another and another. Boston, Philadelphia. Then, spreading west and south as fast as lathering horseflesh could travel, went the news of ruin. It reached Nashville. It reached out and clutched New Orleans.

Caitlin saw it first when she went down to the Banque La Fourche one morning and found a milling, grimly silent crowd blocking the street. A couple of harassed, sweating constables were trying futilely to break things up, to—to—well, they didn't just seem to know what they were trying to do. The crowd was orderly enough, but the day was hot and a couple of women fainted, and people crowded in, and people yelled, "Give 'em air!" Then two men came out of the Banque La Fourche and put iron shutters over the windows and drew an iron grating across the big door.

The crowd stayed, quiet, milling in the iron heat. Quiet—bewildered.

Caitlin was bewildered, too. She had to buy food for two days, and she didn't have any money in her reticule to buy it with. At the market she hesitated. She had never asked for credit before. She sniffed the fishy, salt-sea smell of her favorite fish stall. There the fish lay—golden pompanos, silver whitings, red snappers, Gulf shrimps, big prawns, craws. Soft-shell crabs in a bin. Oysters—tons of oysters—gaped at her. Big stone crabs climbed over one another to stick out their eyes at her. Horrible green eels twisted and writhed—she never bought those, but they fascinated her. Great sea turtles like dinner tables. Terrapins like dinner plates. Huge fat black porpoises—the Negroes like porpoises. They smelled, they flapped with a noise like pistol shots, they glittered

like all the jewels of King Solomon. . . . Cats whined and rubbed about her skirts as she tried to make up her mind to ask for credit. These were not like the sleek-furred pussycats of Boston. Lean, tough, mangy fighting cats—she was a little afraid of them. . . . And she was afraid—afraid of not having any money.

The little man at the stall made it easy. "*La Banque La Fourche—je sais, Mees Ryan! Fermée—et puis? Fini! Mais, les feesh—voilà!*" . . . The beautiful fish, he said, would not last long in this weather. "*'Fait chaud, hein? 'Faut manger, n'est c'pas?*" Mees Ryan could take her pick of the beautiful fish—pay when it was convenient. Rather that than see the fish wasted. Oh, at her own price! So Caitlin bought recklessly—one good fish dinner, anyhow.

Vegetable stalls the same way—greens, new potatoes, tender beets, young carrots—get 'em for nothing and pay when you can—they'll spoil anyhow. Flour, sugar, salt, tea, coffee—the staples—were very different. They'd keep. Cash for those—and prices in green money had gone up a third since last week.

☆ THE game room was crowded that night and so was the dance room. Liquor sales were high, talk was high. But actual play was disappointing. Everybody laughed louder—the Royal Street girls were shriller. More elegant suppers were ordered in the private rooms—but more delicious dishes went untasted. And the take—well, the take wasn't what it should have been. . . .

Wearily the summer dragged into fall. Some of the banks reopened, others didn't. The Banque La Fourche managed forty cents on the dollar, which was better than a lot. The play at Blake's went on night by night, but it was small play now—and the overhead was as high as ever.

With mounting fear Caitlin watched her small capital dwindle. Month by month the time looked farther away when she could forget Kate Ryan and just be Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald, bringing up her son to be a credit to his father's people, far away from Royal Street.

The fear became panic when Blake asked her to come into the office, just after the first of the year.

"Sit down, Kate," he told her soberly. And then: "I've been trying to get my courage up to tell you something for days. I guess I'd better just come out with it. I've set aside the fees for your boy's school for the next quarter, but it just about strips us. If things don't pick up, I don't see how we're going to manage it next time."

The blow she had been waiting for—that she couldn't believe would come. "But—but he's got to stay there! Where else would he go?"

"Well—there are cheaper schools—"

"Not for James! Sure, he's only six—it's the only home he knows. Not if I have to go out on Royal Street!"

"Don't talk like a fool, Kate! But suppose things got so bad we had to shut down for a while. I can always go back on the River. But you—"

Sheer terror stiffened her. "Well, my father made a living with a pick and his two hands. And my mother made a living teaching school with her brains and a beech switch. It would be a strange thing if I couldn't make out someway."

"That's the spirit!" Blake applauded. But his tone had no conviction in it.

Ten frightened days dragged by. Then, just after closing time, when the dealers were drawing the cotton dust sheets over the tables for the night and Blake was checking the day's receipts, Caitlin came into the office, sat down airily, and crossed her knees under her wide skirt.

Blake got to his feet, a little startled. That was not her usual way. He said, "Yes, my dear?"

"Sure, I'm just telling you that I'm leaving my room tomorrow."

"You mean—you're leaving the house?"

"Ah, sure. I'll be back every night to be singing for you, maybe. But I'm to be set up in a place of my own." She swung a slippered foot. Blake saw that she was a little drunk.

"What are you talking about, Kate?"

"Otto Schwellenbach. He offered to marry me."

"Asked you to marry him, you mean," Blake said mechanically. He was stunned.

She swung the slipper a little higher. "Ah, what's the difference? But I'm not for marrying Otto Schwellenbach—"

"Then what—"

"Otto is a decent lad. He's rich, and he'll be richer. But I'm not for marrying. Nothing could ever make Otto Schwellenbach the stepfather for James Preswald—it just wouldn't be fair to James. He must hold up his head with his father's people. I told Otto I wouldn't marry him—"

"Then what are you talking about?"

☆ "I TOLD him to set me up in a little house—now wait, Jim Blake!—and keep James in his school. And—and carry the overhead of the place here till we begin to make money again." Caitlin began to swing her foot more vigorously. "Now, I think I made a fine trade!"

"What did Schwellenbach say?"

"Ah, Jim, sit down! Well, at the first he was against it. But I kissed him a time or two and—well, he consented at the latter end. Jim! Jim Blake!"

Blake walked across the room. He whacked Caitlin openhanded across the face.

"You—you—" Her hand, groping behind her, clutched on the glass inkpot. He knocked it out of her hand, so that it sent a fountain of ink across the carpet.

"It so happens, Kate, that I introduced Otto Schwellenbach to you. But I am not a pimp."

"You—" She hardly knew what she was doing, but the paper cutter was in her hand. She made a slash—

Blake caught it across the knuckles of his right hand. The cut opened up and spurted blood. He caught her wrist and twisted it until she screamed and dropped the paper cutter. Then he whacked her twice more across the face—hard—and slung her like a rag doll into a chair.

"So now!" He was white, shaking, tramping the floor. "That's for being a fool!" He wheeled on her, and got hold of himself. "Now—I don't know how we'll do it—but we will keep open. We will keep your boy in his school. If my mathematics won't do it, maybe Sister Serena's God will. . . . No, we will do it—ourselves—someway. No, there's some kind of an abstract principle somewhere, but you have to use your brains to find it. Making a living is the least of it— Oh, get to your bed, Kate Ryan! And don't go getting drunk and losing your temper again, because you're losing it with the wrong man. We'll make out."

Caitlin got to her feet. Her ears still rang from the slapping she had taken, but her mind was a lot clearer. "You're a good man, Jim!"

To her amazement, he lifted her hand (with his own all bloody) and kissed it. "I'm a lot better man than you think I am, Kate. And you're a lot better woman than you think you are. Quit worrying and do what you can do—sing!"

☆ CAITLIN sang, and worried too. Blake worried, but he worried to some purpose. He went to the manager of the opera, a brisk hardheaded young man named Walsh who had been variously, and for brief periods, a lion tamer, a sailor, and the Kickapoo Indian in a medicine show.

"You know Kate Ryan?"

"Who doesn't? Have a cigar, Jim."

In two sentences Blake unfolded his plan. Walsh listened, bit off the end of his cigar and spat it into a brass spittoon, shook his head. "Nuh—no chance, Jim. Give her four years' training in Europe, let her make a debut at the Scala (whatever that is), change her name to Dago—she'd go. But nobody ever heard of a singer with an Irish name. Don't ask me why—that's the way it is."

"You've heard her sing. Didn't you like it?"

"Of course I like it. After listening to these hoot owls around here every night, who wouldn't like to hear somebody get up and just sing a good song that had a tune to it? But I'm no impresario—I'm in the show business. I'm here for the bank. Maybe some of these folks that pay two dollars for tickets know what they're listening to. Or maybe they just read the programs. I don't know singing, but I know show business. The public wants Dagos. Sorry, Jim."

Jim Blake was stumped but he wasn't beaten. He waited. Something would turn up—the percentages always turned something up.

☆ CAITLIN sang: "As she sat in the low-backed car"—breath—"The man at the turnpike bar—" swaying like a flower out of green

(*Continued on page 50*)

Tantrums are *Too Much* Trouble

Margaret Speaks

Prima donna sans temperament!—Consider the case of golden-voiced Margaret Speaks

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ MARGARET SPEAKS, along with every one else in the studio, watched breathlessly when dour-faced Oscar Levant, after he had played a piano solo not to his complete satisfaction, marched from the microphone and tore his music to shreds. Herself a prima donna, with every whit as much right as a pianist to indulge in temperamental outbursts, she filed away the trick for future use.

One day, pretending that her rendition of a song had displeased her, she stalked from the microphone and angrily crumpled her music.

But no one paid her the slightest attention, and she had to buy new music, so she discontinued the gesture. It just wasn't worth the trouble.

The fact is that Miss Speaks, whose pure lyric soprano coming over the Voice of Firestone keeps millions of listeners beside their radios, and whose appearances on the concert stage are the signal for long lines at the box office, is utterly untemperamental. She explains that it is her radio training that has kept her from having a prima-donna complex.

"There's no place for temperament in radio," she says. "When the light flashes on, you sing. There are no alibis. If you have a cold, or are troubled or tired, it doesn't matter."

The explanation is sound, but it fails to cover everything. The truth is that Margaret Speaks is too sincere and genuine a person to have room in her feet-on-the-ground make-up for exhibitionism or hamminess. She herself summed it up once, when she told a friend: "I'm a prima donna only when I sing."

Blonde and youthful, she has twice been voted the best woman singer of classical songs on the air. Yet she still works hard, studies constantly. "When I stop improving, I'll stop singing," she says.

Margaret Speaks' family, who had settled in Canal Winchester, Ohio, in pioneering days, were musical. Her father, Brigadier General John C. Speaks, a former Ohio congressman, had a good baritone, played the cello and the guitar. Her mother was an accomplished pianist. An uncle, famed Oley Speaks—also a baritone—wrote the music for the unforgettable Sylvia and the familiar On the Road to Mandalay and some three hundred other compositions.

Margaret Speaks attended Ohio State University, where she sang in the glee club. Her first professional appearance was at the Hotel Fort Hayes in Columbus, where she sang as soloist at Sunday-evening concerts. She appeared at other local concerts, on WEAO, a Columbus radio station, and on the stage of a motion-picture theater, singing a cycle of songs written by her uncle, Oley Speaks.

Convinced by now that she had a certain amount of vocal talent, Margaret Speaks set out to conquer New York. Members of the family chipped in so that she might study voice under an excellent teacher.

During her early days in New York, to make ends meet, she sang in the chorus of a Sigmund Romberg musical. She also sang in vaudeville, in churches, and occasionally on the radio. And in her spare time she studied voice, phonetics, languages.

While with the Bamberger Little Symphony, she was heard by one of the Hoffman brothers who were then sponsoring the Hoffman Hour, starring Nelson Eddy. The soprano of the Hour was leaving, and Margaret Speaks was invited to audition for the program. She was given a contract at an average of $62.50 a week.

The Hoffman Hour marked the turn in her career. On it she could sing the serious things she wanted to sing. More important, she came under the watchful and appreciative eye of a young Irish genius named William Merrigan Daly, NBC conductor. It was the universally beloved Bill Daly who, in 1934, two years before his death, got her on the Voice of Firestone program, where she became an internationally famous soloist.

Besides her radio work, she gives twenty-five to thirty concerts a year. Because of her family—her husband and one young son—she has no desire to appear in motion pictures. To go to Hollywood would be to separate, for a time, from them. Radio and concerts enable her to have a home life of her own.

Today, scores of would-be young singers write to Margaret Speaks for the magic formula to success. Since there is no magic formula, the story of her own career is their best answer—a story of hard work, of constant struggle to improve, of a slow, tenacious battle for recognition.

THE END

Seagram's .. GIFTS OF

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

A delightfully mild-tasting whiskey... Seagram keeps the toughness out, blends extra pleasure in. Seagram's 5 Crown is ideal for a highball, Manhattan or Old Fashioned. Always a welcome gift, it is packaged in a cheerful Christmas box.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Rich and full-flavored—without a trace of heaviness. This exquisite whiskey is delicious in a highball, a Christmas egg nog, punch or a Tom and Jerry. Here is Seagram's finest American whiskey—encased in a stunning Christmas gift box.

[illegible] NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86.8 PROOF
[illegible] NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86.8 PROOF

A Memory of Chri[illegible]

I can see him now a-sitting in
the chair he loved so well,
As he opened up his presents, he would
grin, for he could tell
By the gurgling in the package that
our gift was no surprise
And he showed his hearty pleasure
by the twinkle in his eyes.

He would fum[illegible]
as he pulle[illegible]
And he'd give
a funny litt[illegible]
"Well, for good
and he'd h[illegible]
As we gathered
for a friend[illegible]

ONLY THE FINEST IS [illegible]

...OOD TASTE · · SINCE 1857

Long, Long Ago

wrapper
off
kle and

t's Seagram's!"
e up
table
p.

And even though that Yuletide scene
goes back so long ago,
It seems like only yesterday—and
surely I should know
For it happens *every* Christmas as
the years go rolling by,
We *still* give gifts of Seagram's, yes,
but Grandpa now is I.

NOUGH FOR CHRISTMAS

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
Here is imported whisky at its finest. 7 years old. The perfect highball whisky, delicate and fragrant. A magnificent Christmas gift—presented in a luxurious container which is cleverly designed to serve as a glove, jewelry, or cigarette box.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN
A [illegible] Golden Gin, [illegible] gin of its kind ever made in America. Smooth as a "Golden Martini"—or in [illegible] drinks. The distinguished "ancient" bottle is presented [illegible] specially designed holiday wrapping.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY · A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES · [illegible] PROOF
SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN · DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · [illegible] PROOF

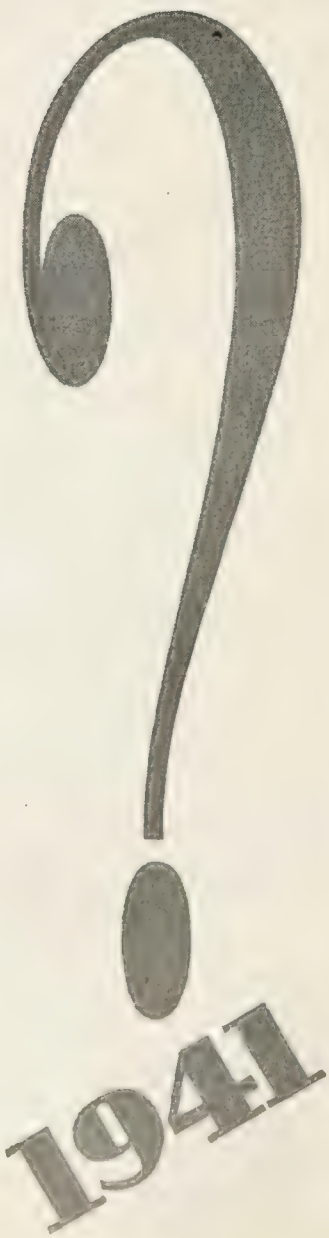
Coming Soon

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1941

Nine years ago the first of Liberty's now famous All-Players All-Americas appeared in these pages. The new conception of what an All-America team should be had instant approval from players, coaches, and the vast Liberty audience. Here was a team selected by the players themselves, by the men who had actually played against one another. The team did not depend on the judgment of one selector or even several, but on the combined opinions of thousands of players on more than a hundred teams. There could be no question of its authority.

Now, in 1941, football players are voting on their ninth All-America. As formerly, Mr. Norman L. Sper is collating the ballots, and he will announce the results in the January 10 Liberty, available two weeks hence. Don't miss it.

So many requests have been received from readers for the personnel of the All-America teams of past years, that we are reprinting the line-ups from 1933 to 1940. These players were standouts in their time. Who will be their successors this year? Watch for the 1941 All-Players All-America Team.



1940

End	Frutig	Michigan
Tackle	Odson	Minnesota
Guard	Suffridge	Tennessee
Center	Gajecki	Penn State
Guard	Frankowski	Washington
Tackle	Drahos	Cornell
End	Elrod	Mississippi State
Quarter	Albert	Stanford
Half	Harmon	Michigan
Half	Reagan	Pennsylvania
Full	Kimbrough	Texas A. & M.

1939

End	Rankin	Purdue
Tackle	Drahos	Cornell
Guard	Molinski	Tennessee
Center	Cox	Alabama
Guard	Smith	S. Calif.
Tackle	McCollum	Tulane
End	Kavanaugh	L. S. U.
Quarter	Scott	Ohio State
Half	Washington	U. C. L. A.
Half	Harmon	Michigan
Full	Kimbrough	Texas A. & M.

1938

End	Brown	Notre Dame
Tackle	Hale	Texas Christian
Guard	Heikkinen	Michigan
Center	Hill	Duke
Guard	Bock	Iowa State
Tackle	Beinor	Notre Dame
End	Young	Oklahoma
Quarter	O'Brien	Texas Christian
Half	MacLeod	Dartmouth
Half	Cafego	Tennessee
Full	Goldberg	Pittsburgh

1937

End	Souchak	Pittsburgh
Tackle	Hale	Texas Christian
Guard	Monsky	Alabama
Center	Hinkle	Vanderbilt
Guard	Routt	Texas A. & M.
Tackle	Markov	Washington
End	Wysocki	Villanova
Quarter	White	Colorado
Half	Chapman	California
Half	Frank	Yale
Full	Davis	Indiana

1936

End	Kelley	Yale
Tackle	Widseth	Minnesota
Guard	Routt	Texas A. & M.
Center	Basrak	Duquesne
Guard	Reid	Northwestern
Tackle	Chesbro	Colgate
End	Tinsley	Louisiana State
Quarter	Parker	Duke
Half	Buivid	Marquette
Half	Cain	Washington
Full	Francis	Nebraska

1935

End	Tinsley	Louisiana State
Tackle	Widseth	Minnesota
Guard	Weller	Princeton
Center	Jones	Ohio State
Guard	Wagner	Michigan State
Tackle	Wasicek	Colgate
End	Wendt	Ohio State
Quarter	Goddard	Washington State
Half	Berwanger	Chicago
Half	Wilson	Southern Methodist
Full	Grayson	Stanford

1934

End	Moscrip	Stanford
Tackle	Lee	Alabama
Guard	Bevan	Minnesota
Center	Patterson	Chicago
Guard	Hartwig	Pittsburgh
Tackle	Steen	Syracuse
End	Hutson	Alabama
Quarter	Goddard	Washington State
Half	Hamilton	Stanford
Half	Howell	Alabama
Full	Lund	Minnesota

1933

End	Skladany	Pittsburgh
Tackle	Wistert	Michigan
Guard	Schammel	Iowa State
Center	Bernard	Michigan
Guard	Rosenberg	S. California
Tackle	Dempsey	Bucknell
End	Geisler	Centenary
Quarter	Warburton	S. California
Half	Lund	Minnesota
Half	Feathers	Tennessee
Full	Sauer	Nebraska

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Thirteen-year-old Shirley Temple returns triumphantly to the screen in Kathleen.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ruth Warwick in a Dumas-inspired costume melodrama.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ KATHLEEN

Those of us who thought that Shirley Temple was something more than a cute brat when she was the top box-office star in Hollywood were right. For the youngster is back on the screen again, after a two years' absence, more talented and engaging than ever. At thirteen, she is no longer a precocious little girl. She is a knowing adolescent, taking an active part in a screen story. Her present vehicle is rather ramshackle, but Shirley contrives to make it a captivating entertainment. She can be grave and gay, petulant and radiant. The point is, she always persuades you that she is the particular girl of this particular story.

Kathleen has a good central idea, but it is scarcely realized in the script. This is the old tale of the poor little rich girl, with Little Miss Fix-It variations. Kathleen is the daughter of a prosperous widower who keeps forgetting that he has a daughter. She builds up a dream world in which to live. Sneaking away from her governess, she hobnobs with the nice proprietor of a curio shop, pretending that she's a fisherman's child.

When her father brings in a flighty gold digger whom he plans to marry, she stages a minor revolution in her household. Since an attractive and understanding woman doctor is caring for her at this point, Kathleen tries her hand at matchmaking, with unhappy results. It is only after she has run away from home that her old man comes to his senses. The ending of the picture is as farfetched as anything you'll see on the screen for some time.

Good story or bad story, Shirley Temple is remarkably adept at making it dramatic and funny. Her scenes with the effusive interloper are stunning, as she counters a siren's fake affection with the instinctive dislike of a wise little girl. The sequences in which the doctor wins her over by merely treating her as a human being have a lot of excellent pointers for parents. Even the climax is bearable, thanks to Shirley's appealing and convincing portrayal. Here is a great child actress who is moving triumphantly into adolescence in her screen career.

Herbert Marshall turns in a resourceful performance as the father. Gail Patrick is properly emphatic as the adventuress, and Laraine Day is fine as the doctor who gets roped into a marriage to keep her small charge happy. Harold S. Bucquet's direction is skillful and imaginative, particularly in the daydreaming sequences, when Kathleen imagines life with father as she would really like it.

Even with a hit-or-miss script Shirley Temple manages to flood the picture with her quiet charm and artistic assurance. The awkward age finds her far from awkward.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ THE CORSICAN BROTHERS

Swashbuckling costume melodrama is generally sure-fire on the screen. The Dumas pipe dreams have inspired knockout sword-and-cape entertainments in the past. Now that most of them have been screened, the writing boys in Hollywood are turning out free adaptations of yarns suggested by the original Dumas stories. One of the best of these is The Corsican Brothers, which George Bruce and Howard Estabrook have concocted.

With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing a dual role with florid dash, the picture is colorful and engrossing. The story tells of the Siamese twins of a noble Corsican who are separated by a surgical miracle but continue to think and feel alike. One is brought up as a bandit, the other as a Parisian gentleman. To avenge the death of their father, they gang up on the evil overlord of Corsica. Since both brothers love the same girl, the bandit is providentially done away with.

Call it a wild and woolly fable, if you want, but it makes superior entertainment for those who like costume romantic melodrama. Fairbanks plays the brother roles with vigor and considerable versatility. Ruth Warwick is a pleasant heroine and Akim Tamiroff makes a sinister villain. The Corsican Brothers is strictly hokum, but it is beguiling hokum.

(Edward Small-United Artists.)

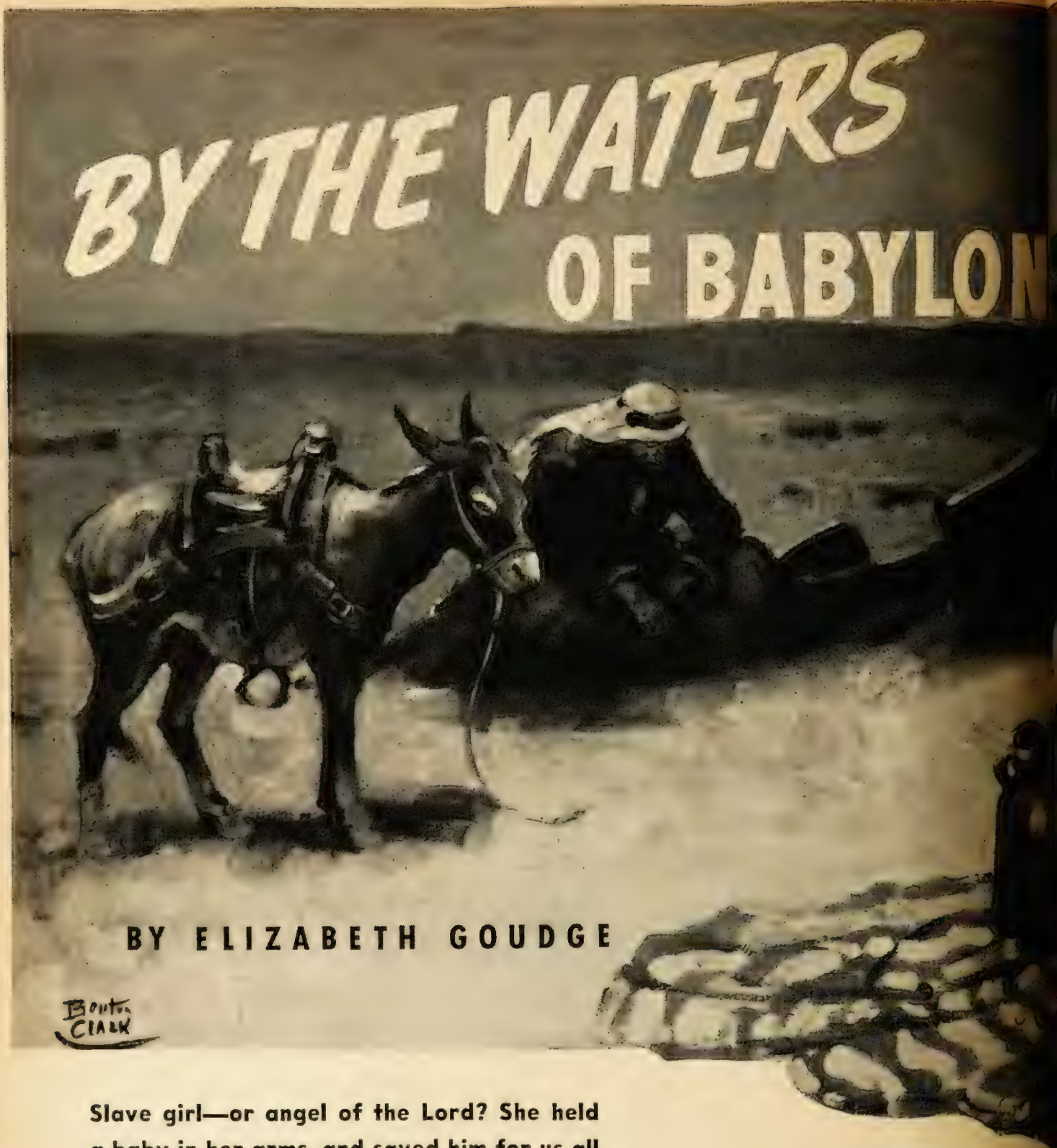
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven.

★★★½—H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn.

★★★—Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON



BY ELIZABETH GOUDGE

Slave girl—or angel of the Lord? She held a baby in her arms, and saved him for us all

Late in the day they halted, and Mary laid the babe down on the sand, and slept. Even Joseph drowsed a little from weariness.

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ THE Egyptian slave Iras was a strange girl, and already, though she was only fifteen years old and had been an exile from her native country for a bare three years, she bore the marks of the exile in body, mind, and spirit. Secretive was her spirit, folded in upon her memories like the petals of a closed flower about its heart, her mind bitter with frustrated longing, her small brown body thin and worn with her grieving.

Her memories never faded, for they were kept fresh by her dreams. When she slept she saw again the old gray town where she had been born, hollowed out of a rocky hill in the desert, with the cool palm trees, the orange groves, and the clover fields spread about it. And she heard the songs that were sung there at evening, and felt her mother's arms about her, and watched through the orange blossom that grew in pots in the high window of her home for the return of her father's caravan. . . . But when by day she remembered that caravan, she wept. Her father had been killed in this country of her slavery, and she, traveling with him, had been there when he died.

It had been a day of sunshine when she and her father had set out from their home for the land of the Hebrews. She had sat proudly before him on his trotting camel, and about them had ridden an armed guard, for the pack camels had been

laden with goodly merchandise, spices, fringed girdles, rich silk embroideries, and necklaces of flower-tinted round glass beads. Many of these lovely things had been fashioned by Iras' mother, and Iras herself had threaded some of the beads. She had loved threading them, and had begged her father to take her with him one day when he rode to the land of the Hebrews to sell them to the wives of the Roman conquerors who lived there. It would be madness to take the child, Iras' mother had said; the journey was much too dangerous. But Iras had begged so hard that her father had yielded and she had gone.

It had been a wonderful journey across the desert, wonderful sun-drenched days, wonderful nights when her father first checked their course by the stars and then lay down to sleep beneath them, she lying beside him, his cloak flung over them both. She had never felt afraid. He and she had laughed together at her mother's fears when the journey was safely over and they were trotting along the fine new Roman road within an hour's journey of their first halting place, the Hebrew town of Bethlehem.

And it had been just at this moment that disaster had come upon them. Her father's camel had fallen lame. The caravan had been halted to a slow walk.

"It will be dark before we reach Bethlehem," had said one of her father's servants warningly.

"No matter," had laughed her father. "We are on the highroad and the summer stars are bright."

Lest Iras should feel fear, he had put an arm about her and sung one of the songs of their country very softly to her alone, the song that the Pharaoh Aknaton had written in praise of the God Who is One. Yet Iras had felt unaccountably afraid as the veils of the twilight dropped about them. When they reached a grove of olive trees, and darkness fell, her fear had deepened. . . . But her father had continued to sing, and his singing was the last clear memory she had of him.

The robbers had swept down upon them with the suddenness of some violent storm. All in one moment the air had been filled with shouts and curses, the screaming of the camels, and the thud of blows. A wild form had leaped at her father, and she had been flung off the plunging camel into a bank of flowers. She had lain there, stunned and terrified, while the fight had raged about her, until at last there had been silence again and she had heard the wind sighing in the trees.

☆ AND then a hand had fallen upon her shoulder, shaking her, and she had sat up, one arm raised to shield her face from blows. In the gleam of torchlight a man had been bending over her—a man with a dark keen face who wore shining armor over a scarlet tunic, and a helmet on his head. The light had gleamed upon the armor of other men dressed like him but less richly. She had lowered her arm, for though she had not been able to understand a word of what he had said, she had recognized the kindness in his eyes.

And so it was that Iras came to be a slave to Claudia, the wife of the Centurion Lucius, whose fine white Roman villa had been built among the olive groves beyond the walls of Bethlehem. He and his men had been too late to save the lives of the merchants, but they had saved Iras. She was not very grateful, not even when she had come to understand the languages of this country, both the Roman tongue and the Hebrew tongue, and had become accustomed to the life of a slave. The only song of the Hebrew country that she would consent to sing to her mistress was the one that began, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." For the rest, she sang the songs of her own country, one of them the song her father had been singing when he died. Claudia liked Iras to sing to her. In her careless way, she was fond of the child. She always took her with her when she was carried in her litter to Bethlehem, to amuse herself by buying flowers and fruit and vegetables at the booths. . . . It was during one of these expeditions that Iras found the baby, and the whole of her life was changed.

It was a bright clear day in late winter when Claudia in her litter, with an armed guard and a few favorite slaves about her, went down through the olive trees and along the road to Bethlehem.

From a distance, built on its little hill among slender cypress trees, Bethlehem looked a city of another world, enchanted, unearthly. When you got there, it was a crowded, smelly, noisy little place with people jostling each other up and down the narrow streets. But Iras loved it. It was not so different from the hill town of her birth. When she was there she felt almost as near home as she felt in her dreams.

On this particular day Claudia was full of vigor, and settled down to a bout of bargaining with a very old woman who was selling little cakes, set out upon green leaves spread upon a little carpet, at the entrance to a cave that was also a small shop.

"You made them, old dame?" asked Claudia, tasting one. She spoke with astonishment, for the cakes were delicious, while the shop behind them was a very poor one and the old woman lame and feeble.

"Great lady, my lodger made them," said the old dame, with a gesture of her head toward the rough stone steps that led up to a little house built over the cave. "She has lodged with me since the time of the taxing. It's a hard thing, great lady, that poor people should be forced to travel so far to be taxed. All the way from Nazareth did Mary and her husband come —and she, poor soul, with her hour near at hand. Her babe was born in the inn stable, there being no room in the inn. Poor shift she had till her man found her this lodging here with me. I say, great lady, it is a hard thing that poor people should be—"

"That will do," interrupted Claudia. As the wife of a Roman centurion she could not stand here listening to criticism of the government. "Run up the steps, Iras, and find this Mary, and ask her if she can make me a batch of these cakes once a week."

And Iras ran up the steps and knocked at the door at the top, and lifted the latch and went in.

☆ THE small arched stone room was full of the sunshine that streamed through the open lattice window. It was neat and clean. By the window sat Mary, stitching at a little garment, and in a cradle beside her lay her baby, playing with his toes. He was the happiest, most perfect baby Iras had ever seen, and with a cry of delight she knelt beside the cradle and held out a finger to him. He clutched it and laughed at her. His pretty young mother laughed too. She did not seem at all surprised to see Iras; evidently she was quite accustomed to having complete strangers coming in at all hours to admire her baby. But she looked at her with quick motherly compassion, and suddenly Iras felt that she belonged with these two, that where they were was where she wanted to be. For three years she had been an exile; but now, though her body was still in an alien land, her soul had come home.

She forgot all about Claudia's cakes, and almost before she had realized it she had told Mary about her distant home, and Mary had told her about hers, and they were friends. And then she sat in a patch of sunshine on the floor, the baby in her arms, and she felt warm and comforted, body and mind and soul.

But all too soon another of the slaves came clattering up the steps and banged at the door, and called to Iras that the lady Claudia had gone home, and was very angry that Iras had been so long, and she was to order the cakes quickly and follow her mistress. And Iras jumped up, fear in her eyes, and did as she was bidden, and went away.

☆ BUT she came again. She came once a week to fetch the little cakes that Mary made for Claudia, and those days became the days when she really lived. The time between was just a sort of waking dream.

Upon one of the dream days she sat at evening with Claudia and sang to her. It was peaceful and still, with twilight gathering outside and the flame of Claudia's little lamp burning like a flower in its silver dish, and Iras sang the Pharaoh Aknaton's song in praise of the One God; and while she sang she thought of the baby, and wondered if he was asleep now, and if Joseph had finished his day's carpentering and was sitting with Mary beside the latticed window.

Into this moment of peace, this women's hour, there came suddenly trampling the Centurion Lucius, loud-voiced, angry. He flung his sword into one corner of the room, his helmet into another, and his cloak across Claudia's feet. Himself he flung into a chair and swore as he should not have sworn in the presence of his wife. Claudia picked up the cloak between finger and thumb, cast it from her, and told him what she thought of him. Both had quite forgotten Iras. She sat in her dark corner and listened with all her ears, while her blood ran cold.

". . . every child under two years old, in Bethlehem and the country round, to be murdered," Lucius was muttering. "Those are the orders of that mad beast Herod, Tetrarch of Galilee. And why? Because he's heard some old wives' tale from the desert that a king has been born in Bethlehem who shall be greater than he."

Claudia sat up and swung her feet to the floor. She looked sick and shaken. "When?" she asked.

"Tonight. He will send his own assassins, I thank the gods. He will not require my co-operation."

"But you'll not permit it?"

Lucius shrugged his shoulders. "Herod is the ruler of this province and I am under his orders," he said.

Iras put a hand over her mouth to stifle a cry. The Centurion Lucius was not a bad man; he loved his wife and he was kinder to the slaves than Claudia was. Yet he would stand aside and permit this horrible thing just because those were his orders. How could he? She looked at him, at his set hard mouth, his brooding eyes, his heavy figure, and realized some-

thing of the dreadfulness of the military machine of which he was a part. It had conquered nearly the whole world now, and it had done that because of this iron discipline that drove men like Lucius, naturally kindly men, to countenance deeds of unspeakable horror. And Herod was not even a Roman. He was a native of this little country who had chosen to throw in his lot with her conquerors that he might not lose his own poor pomp and state. He was a despicable creature who would stick at nothing, it seemed, to remain a king—not even at murder. . . . Abruptly Iras ceased thinking of him, for she had remembered Mary and her baby. Quick as thought she got up and crept through the shadows to the door. The last thing she saw was Claudia kneeling at her husband's feet, clasping his knees, weeping, pleading.

It was quite dark as she ran out of the villa, and the great stars were bright already in the sky. She ran down through the olive groves to the road, alone in the night; but she forgot to be afraid. It would be best, she thought, not to tell Joseph and Mary that other babies besides their own were threatened, for in trying to warn others they might delay their own departure until too late. After she had warned them, she would do what she could, herself, to save the others. . . . And perhaps Claudia would succeed in her pleading with Lucius. There was still hope.

☆ SHE reached the gates of Bethlehem and, to her great relief, they were still unlocked. She ran up the steep starlit streets until she reached the shop and, looking up, saw Joseph sitting at the top of the steps.

"Joseph! Joseph!" she cried, and ran up to him.

He lifted his head and looked at her. His kind dark eyes were worried and puzzled in his wrinkled, gray-bearded face. This was nothing unusual. The extraordinary attraction of his wife and child puzzled him, and the number of total strangers who were forever coming up the steps of his home, lifting the latch of his door without a by-your-leave, and admiring the baby and pouring out their troubles to Mary. He was worried by the strangeness of it all. There had been those wild shepherds, for instance, who upon the very night of the child's birth had thrust themselves into the stable and prostrated themselves before the manger. And then those strange men from the east who had given the child those mysterious and embarrassingly valuable gifts. Why? There was something here he did not understand. Mary was content to lock all these things away in her heart and wait patiently for time to show her the meaning of them, but he lacked her serenity. He wanted to understand.

He was tormented, too, by the feeling that danger forever threatened his beloved little son, this child of his old age, the light of his eyes. So many of the strangers who came up the

A trying day for Bill

BILL NEEDS A LAXATIVE: but he's on jury duty at 10.

Afraid to risk interruption, Bill decides: "I won't take anything till tonight." He doesn't know about Sal Hepatica.

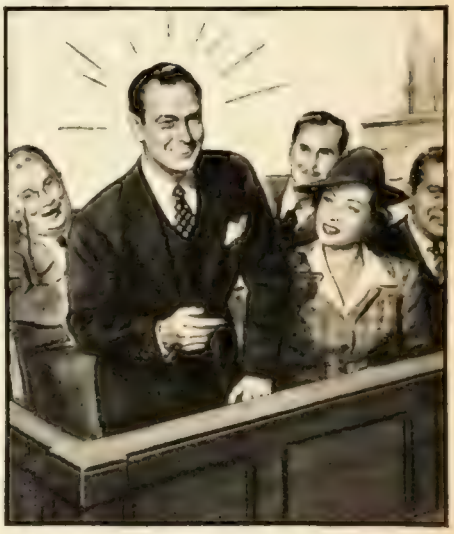
BILL HAS A TOUGH TIME, unable to concentrate. He's thoroughly uncomfortable through trying hours.

"Never put in such a day in my life," Bill tells his wife.

A great day for George!

GEORGE NEEDS A LAXATIVE: he's on jury duty, too. But Mrs. George knows that Sal Hepatica acts fast.

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning," says she.



SAL HEPATICA acts so promptly, George is able to give undivided attention when he gets to the court room.

He is appointed foreman of the jury and has a fine day.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN YOU WAKE UP needing a laxative, don't delay because you have a busy morning ahead. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!

Within an hour you're usually relieved. Sal Hepatica acts quickly—by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. There's no discomfort or griping.

Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling

saline. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative!

SAL HEPATICA

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...you'd catch him right away. That is, if he stole in a lump sum, what he cribs away in pennies and minutes every year, you'd never tolerate him. Yet science has shown that cheap, inferior pencils require 50% more writing energy alone—not to mention the time wasted in extra sharpening, frazzled nerves and lower efficiency!

Ticonderoga, on the other hand, is smooth, even, never lets you down. It means easier, better work. True saving results whether one person uses Ticonderoga or a thousand. Only in the latter case the office saving is a thousandfold!

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steps were diseased, repulsive, thieves, vagabonds. . . . And to cap all, there had been this dream that he had just had, lying in there with Mary and the child. He had fallen asleep with the thought of danger stronger upon him than usual, and had dreamed a confused yet dreadful dream of swords flashing against a night sky, of the screaming of a woman and the wailing of a child. Awakening from it, he had stumbled out into the fresh air and sat down. But he was still not quite awake when the sound of footsteps and the crying of his name made him lift his head from his chest.

"Joseph! Take Mary and the baby and fly! King Herod will kill your child!" Iras fell upon him, shaking him almost savagely. "Wake up, Joseph, wake up! What I tell you is true. I heard it from the Centurion Lucius. Herod fears your child. He has heard how the great men from the east came to worship him."

Father Abraham! It was the little Egyptian slave! Joseph was fully awake and on his feet in a moment. He did not doubt that what she said was true. "Where, Iras, where?" he demanded of her. "Home to Nazareth? With Mary stronger we should have gone back in any case."

"No, no. Right away out of the country!" cried Iras passionately. "Across the frontier, where Herod can't get at you." Like a vision against the night she could see her home, mountain-built with peaceful citadel. "Egypt," she said; "and I will guide you."

"It's a long way," said Joseph, "and you a little maid when you traveled it last."

"I shall do it," she said. And she did not doubt that from somewhere, somehow, the power would come. "Mary cannot walk all the way. Go you, Joseph, and find a donkey. I will wake her."

☆ HE went off noiselessly into the night, and she went in. She and Mary put together in bundles the things they would need: food, water bottles, the baby's little clothes, and their few treasures. Mary was brave and serene. She worked quickly. "Be it unto me according to Thy word," was all the prayer that she had time for. When their packing was finished they took the baby out of his cradle and wrapped him in his little striped blanket. Held in his mother's arms, he was soon asleep again.

Leaving Mary crooning to him, Iras crept outside. Now was her chance, before Joseph returned, to warn those other mothers. She ran down the steps and looked up the street—and saw Joseph coming with the donkey. He saw her, waved, and came on more urgently. No time was left. A terrible distress seized Iras. Her knees trembled and she had to sit down on the steps, sick and faint with horror. And then Joseph was bending over her, shaking her. "No time for weakness now," he said harshly. "Fetch Mary. Make haste!"

They set out through the quiet streets, Mary sitting on the donkey with the baby in her arms, the bundles strapped behind her. The gate of the city was still unbarred and they passed through into the deep stillness of the country beyond. So peaceful was it that, in spite of that ominously unbarred gate, Iras was visited by the wild hope that Claudia had been successful in her beseeching. But even as the hope was born it died; for there came the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance. Joseph led the donkey off the road into the darkness of the olive groves, and with beating hearts they watched the troop go by: Herod's own men, wearing his colors, armored and fine under the starlight, yet silent, with something of his own evil in their faces and his own despair in their hearts—the pitiful creatures of a will that was not their own.

"Poor souls!" cried Mary.

And Iras, crouching shivering, echoed the cry deep in her heart; but she was thinking of the mothers of Bethlehem and their children. Could she be forgiven that she had not dared to wait and warn them? She could see no hope of it. She must carry the burden of this horror until she died.

☆ NEVER was Iras to forget that adventurous journey to the land of Egypt. When she thought of it as an old woman, she thought of it as a symbol of that journey from birth to death that we call life. Every terrifying aspect of adventurous living was present in it. The sun burned them by day and the cold froze them by night. They were footsore and exhausted, hungry and thirsty, and the sun and stars were their only guides. They were always in danger—from thieves, from fear, from despair that tempted them sometimes to lie down, give up the struggle, and hold out their arms to the beneficence of death.

Yet there was a splendor over all that journey. As each torment met them, there rose to confront it Mary's gay courage, Joseph's patient strength, Iras' own determined endurance. This is what God is, thought Iras: a voice that answers always more mightily than the voice that challenges, a perpetual assurance that the final end is good. Above all, there was the baby, the reason for it all, the center of their living and their striving. Wherever now they made his bed in the twilight, that was home. That city on the hill toward which they journeyed, and where he would rest in safety—that would be home again. He would be the end of it all, for he had been the beginning: he was the now and always that made the two things one.

Yet weakness or despair came back again and again, and especially to Iras, who was so young and who must bear the agony of Bethlehem with her now wherever she went. At night she would lie staring into the darkness, trying to think what other course she could have taken, wondering if it was possible that somehow, somewhere, those mothers and children would forgive her. Such pain as hers cannot continue. It must reach its height at last and break into madness or into

relief. And it broke with Iras on the night when the stars were hidden.

When they lay down that night they knew that they were lost. They were in Egypt now, and safe from King Herod, but they did not know how to find Iras' home. She knew only that it was now to the eastward, and toward the east they'd been traveling for days. They had met no caravans from whom they could have inquired the way. Nothing. Fear was upon them as never before.

And now, tonight, the stars were hidden by a cloud veil. A storm must have passed close by. They could not even know where the east was. Mary and Joseph, worn out, were sleeping, but Iras was at the breaking point. While memory was hers, she thought, she would never sleep again.

She crept over to where the baby lay in his cradle hollowed out of the sand, and crouched beside him. Will you die too? she wondered. Was Bethlehem's agony all for nothing? She rocked backward and forward in her grief, but silently, lest she wake him. She had been so certain that this life must be saved at all costs. Yet had not the price been too high? For what could he do for the world, this fugitive peasant's child? With such a beginning, what could the end be except the closing in of the pursuers and the hounding down of the prey?

☆ SHE bowed down upon herself, and wept. All the suffering of the poor men, the exiles, the persecuted, from the beginning of the world until this moment, and from this moment on until the end, seemed with her in this abysmal hour. From the beginning and from the end flowed the two streams of sorrow, converging about this cradle in the desert where the baby slept so peacefully. He always slept peacefully wherever he was. He was as much at home here in the heart of sorrow as he had been in the happiness of Bethlehem.

Suddenly beside her she heard the small cheerful sound which a baby makes when it awakes and looks out upon some sight which seems to it good. She opened her eyes and looked about her, and so soft and radiant was the light that at first she thought the moon and the stars must have pierced the veil of cloud. But the sky was as dark as ever. It was from the desert itself that the light came—from a circle of brightness that shone all round them and radiated from the laughing faces and the shining garments of a multitude of little children, gathered about them as though in protection. She gasped and rubbed her eyes and looked again; but they were still there—angel children, not of this world, yet retaining the humanity of their laughter, and with their mothers' love about them still, a nimbus of glory about each shining head. They were like stars in the night, like the flowers of Paradise whose perfume was all about them; virgin lilies and the roses of martyrdom. Crying aloud in her joy, Iras stretched out her arms to the children. They could not come to her

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

Bright Eyes: But Auntie! No dancer ever looked like that! How about a little animation, a little motion, a little whoosh, a little *pep appeal?*

Auntie: Oh, dear! I thought you'd like it. But what in goodness' name is "pep appeal"?

Bright Eyes: It's oomph, darling. It's verve. It's *joie de vivre.* And, come to think of it, you need it as badly as that statue does. Aha! I've got an idea!

Bright Eyes: No wonder you can't sculpt tango dancers, the way you've been eating lately! If you don't eat right you don't get enough *vitamins.* Vitamins for pep!

Bright Eyes: And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. You need to have all the vitamins, you know, and right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones—B_1 and D.

Auntie: But goodness, child! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me become the most vitaminized sculptress you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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arms, for they were not of her world; yet, wrapped about with their forgiveness as with a shining cloak, she lay down and slept.

She awoke at the first gleam of dawn, and nothing was changed. There was no break in the clouds to show where the sun was rising; they were still hungry and footsore and lost in the desert. Yet her despair had gone, and her sense of safety made her feel as at home now in the heart of sorrow as the babe himself.

She awoke Mary and Joseph, and they ate the last of their dates and drank most of the water from the water bottle. Then Mary gave suck to the child while Iras and Joseph strapped their bundles to the donkey's back. Their faces were pallid in the dim light, yet their few words were spoken cheerfully. "If this is the end," said Mary, "I shall not curse God as I die, for I have most surely known Him upon this journey. I have held Him in my arms in the body of my child, seen Him in the bright sun and heard His voice in the wind, felt His love in my heart and His courage in my soul. Even in hell I will remember and my soul will magnify the Lord."

And Joseph said, "Amen."

☆ THEN he and Iras lifted Mary and her baby upon the donkey's back, and they set out walking they knew not where, stumbling with fatigue, their faces set toward the place where Iras imagined that the sky was brightest.

Late in the day they halted and drank the very last of the water, and Mary laid the babe down on the sand, and slept. Even Joseph drowsed a little from weariness. Iras left them and went a short way off by herself. Where was that outcrop of rock in the desert that had been her home? There was nothing in the great expanse of sky and sand that could help her, no landmark that she could recognize. Yet she was not afraid, because she knew that the angel children were round about them. She remembered what Mary had said that morning, "Even in hell my soul will magnify the Lord." That one could do. One could praise God, from Whom came all things and to Whom all things returned, the One God of the Pharaoh Aknaton, the Alpha and Omega of the Hebrews, the beginning and the end, the God Whose answer was always greater than any challenge, even the final challenge of death. She knelt down and worshiped as the Eastern people worship, her forehead bent low to the ground, her hands outstretched. And as she whispered broken words of praise and adoration she sank lower in her weakness until she was lying face downward, and thus she lay for a long time, only half conscious, her hands fumbling in the sand as a child's fingers grope at its mother's breast.

And then, as consciousness returned, she found that her fingers had touched something hidden under the sand. She sat up and looked at it—a little withered bunch of orange blossom such as she remembered growing in pots in the window of her home. She held the flowers to her face and breathed the faint scent of them. It was familiar not only from the happy past but from the vision of last night. She bent her forehead to the ground and again praised God.

Then she went back to Mary and Joseph and showed them what she had found. "Look," she said. "Flowers of Paradise. Angel children, going home, have dropped them to show us the way."

And Mary held out her hands for the flowers with the speechless longing of those to whom death seems now the only good.

☆ BUT Joseph went quickly to the place where Iras had found them and began to clear away the soft blown sand. "A caravan has passed this way," he said. "The storm that clouded the sky has blown fresh sand over the tracks. Look, Iras—a little broken pot. And camels' spoor here in the harder sand."

Their deathly weariness vanished. They went forward again quickly and eagerly, refreshed, and suddenly they were beyond the path of the storm and the tracks of a recent caravan were clear and easy to follow.

"The clouds are breaking," said Mary. The strange ominous haze was thinning, lightening, rolling back like a scroll to show a glorious clear patch of golden sky; and blocked before it, far off but clear and distinct at the end of the track that they followed, was a city built upon a hill.

There would never be a joy like this again for Iras, not until the final journey home that would take her beyond the gates of death. Nearer and nearer came the familiar outline of the beloved city. Presently she fancied she could see the very house that was her home. The pots of orange blossom would be standing in the window, and behind them her mother would be sitting at her loom.

"It is built into the rock, like Bethlehem," said Mary wistfully.

"All the world over, hill towns are like each other," said Joseph. "That will ease the homesickness." He turned and smiled. "Remember, Mary, that it is always by the waters of Babylon that our people sing their songs. Our son would be no true son of his people if he did not taste of that pain also. But one day we shall go home. Every exile has its ending."

In spite of her joy, a sword pierced suddenly through Iras' heart as she looked down at the baby in her arms. How would she live when he went away again? Then she remembered how, in the agony of the night that was past, she had found him in the center of it. In the years that were coming she would grow to be an old woman in her land, and he would grow to manhood in his land, and the desert would lie between. Yet in that sorrow also she would find him, and where he was would be home.

THE END

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE—Continued from Page 15

Mr. Marvell was invariably unlucky—and tips to the overfed, overtipped staff. A sudden resentment of squandering his hardly come by money on Charlotte's fatted servants, when a mere pound or two would make "all the difference" to a girl like Prunella Ember, stiffened Mr. Marvell's spine. After all, why should he? Why should he trouble about the feelings of a selfish woman who for eleven months out of twelve preferred to ignore the existence of her shabby old brother? On the Pentridges' visits to town, they never offered him hospitality, they never troubled to look him up—even four years ago, when he was in hospital for an operation, Charlotte had gone no further than to scrawl a note, which she sent with a bunch of flowers that had evidently been in her own vases several days, to say how sorry she was not to see him, but she was sure he would understand how rushed she was on her rare visits to London!

☆ PRUNELLA, in a little spotted silk dressing gown, opened the door to Mr. Marvell when he knocked.

"Hullo. Just off?"

"You know, I think you were quite right," said Mr. Marvell.

"Stop a minute. I don't quite get the theme of this," said Prunella, putting her hand to her head.

"About going to stay with my sister Charlotte. I've thought it over, and I've come to the conclusion," said Mr. Marvell firmly, "that it would be nothing short of a criminal waste of time and money."

"Come in," said Prunella. "I'm just finishing my breakfast, but I can offer you a good line in coffee."

"It's most kind—"

She gave her defiant little laugh and threw out an arm toward the low round table in front of the stove. It was laid, Mr. Marvell could not help seeing, for two.

"Can you beat that? It's like stage business: after a while you don't even think what you're doing—your feet and hands just do it for you. I suppose I'll go on laying breakfasts for two for quite a while before I wake up and find the play's off!" She poured out a cup of excellent coffee and handed it to Mr. Marvell. He saw she had not touched her own, and that a little roll was broken, but complete, on her plate; but because he was a very tactful gentleman, Mr. Marvell affected not to notice these things—nor the fact that in the cold morning light the room looked more squalid and disorderly than ever.

As though, however, his thought had telegraphed itself to her mind, Prunella glanced at her surroundings and gave a small firm nod.

"I'm going to have a real dogfight with this place in the next two or three days. You mightn't think it, but honestly, my taste doesn't run to living in a pigsty. And there's nothing like housework for—for a girl's figure, is there?" she challenged.

"I—I should hardly regard that as—er—necessary," stammered Mr. Marvell. She shook her head gravely.

"I've let myself run awfully to seed. That's the worst of me, when I'm bothered about anything. And Max always hated it when I did housework; he said it fussed him. . . . Well, I shan't have any time for bothering about Max if I'm going to get this place straight by Boxing Night!"

"I suppose," said Mr. Marvell shyly, "you couldn't make time to dine with me on Christmas Day?"

She gave him a straight look.

"Look here. Is that right? Aren't you going to your sister's, after all?"

"I most certainly am not," said Mr. Marvell, feeling stronger and more positive every minute. "I shall send her a telegram presently, to say I've been detained—"

Prunella placed her two hands on Mr. Marvell's shoulders. She had to reach up quite a long way to do it.

"You aren't playing knights of old, by any chance, are you?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Marvell.

Prunella shook her head.

"I wouldn't put it past you; you've got chivalry sticking out all over you, and—and—" Her lips quivered, but she hardened her voice to add, "I haven't got any use for chivalry. I'm through with this man-and-girl stuff for the present; we're all just human beings—see? Human beings, a bit down on our luck, that's all. If you swear to me you didn't change your mind on my account, I'll dine with you—with—with much pleasure!"

For a truthful man, Mr. Marvell was, when occasion warranted, an excellent and convincing liar. At all events, Prunella believed his reply.

☆ "HELLO, Prue!" "Prunella *darling!*" "Prune, my *poppet!*" Every one knew and welcomed her; there was quite a little court about their table, and Mr. Marvell, accepting introductions with all the grace and courtesy of his generation, wondered when he was going to get her to himself. To dine with a famous actress at Perugini's Réserve—would that not have been the apex of his dreams fifty years ago? He felt young and shamefully excited. On his thin cheekbones were two burning patches that he felt and twitched up the ends of his fine white mustache to cover them. His eyes were like two bright blue stars beneath the brows he dragged together into a frown. One must not look too idiotically delighted once more to enter an almost forgotten world of people who were gay and epicurean in their tastes and could afford to indulge them.

"Prue darling, who's the positively gorgeous old duke you're dining with?" He could not help hearing that one.

A man who belonged to one of the clubs of which Mr. Marvell had long ceased to be a member, came up to shake hands.

"Good Lord, Marvell! I thought you'd dropped off the edge of the earth! Where've you been hiding yourself?"

"Oh, I take things very quietly now. Anno Domini, you know!" smiled Mr. Marvell, concealing his pleasure at the thought of some one remembering him.

"Anno rats!" The speaker's eye strayed toward Prunella with evident appreciation. Mr. Marvell sat still, smiling faintly. "Well—look me up one day," concluded the other, and moved off, obviously envying Mr. Marvell. A glow went through the latter—it was so many years since any one had envied him!

☆ "I'M telling everybody you're my godfather. Do you mind?" Prunella's hand was on his knee, he felt its soft warm pressure before it moved away. Her wide light eyes, luminous with excitement, smiled into his. "I say, you know—you look marvelous! You make tinsel of everybody. I'm *proud* to be with you. You make a waiter look a waiter and an actor look"—she laughed shortly—"an actor! You ought to have a car with a footman and a town house and thousands of acres in the home counties—oh, it's a shame—"

"Hush!" said Mr. Marvell. "We're living in tonight. I've got all of those things—tonight! And you—you've got a crystal coach and six white horses waiting to whisk you away to the star where you belong—"

"A part in Moreton Bain's new show would do me for the present! That's Moreton over there—the dark one, with Fanny Tyas. It's almost too much luck that he should be here tonight! He's been looking at me a lot—oh, oh, I wonder! Darling, I'm talking a terrible lot, but you don't know what it means for a girl like me to be seen in a place like this—and I haven't been able to go anywhere lately—oh, not caviar!" Prunella broke off to breathe.

"Don't you like it?" asked Mr. Marvell, who, at her request, had been busying himself with the menu while she talked to her friends.

"It's the answer to the maiden's prayer," said Prunella solemnly as she slid the toast from its snowy napkin.

One of Mr. Marvell's reasons for always accepting Charlotte's invitations was that Christmas brought back to him too vividly those days when, instead of being poor and solitary, he had been a happy husband, an adoring father—both of which joys had ended in a hideous railway accident on the Continent. That lovely girl of his . . . her baby, if it had lived, would have been just about Prunella's age. She might have worn her golden curls gathered up, just like that, with a little velvet posy set into them; she might have had slim white shoulders and a lovely little body molded into shining white satin. No, no! Mr. Marvell snatched at his thoughts, which

had suddenly got beyond his control. None of that now! This was a happy Christmas—the happiest he had known for years—and for his companion's sake, as well as for his own, no shadow from the past must be allowed to darken it.

"I wonder what Max is doing," said Prunella calmly.

Mr. Marvell started; this, surely, was striking a wrong note!

"I know all about those family Christmases, don't you?" Her over-scarlet lips curled. "Of course it will just suit Max. I expect he's thinking what a fool he was, ever to marry an actress, and—and simply *wallowing* in his mother's adoration. I wonder if he's told her about us yet? She must have guessed; husbands and wives don't usually separate over Christmas, do they? Huh—a nice Christmas it would have been, with Max and me behaving like cat and dog, and no money or anything!

"He wanted to borrow some from his mother, and I wouldn't agree to it; that was what our last row was about. We *could* just have managed, and I hate being in debt to Max's people. They always think it's not Max's fault and that I'm extravagant and run him into debt; and Max has started to think that way as well—Oh, it's quite hopeless. Thank goodness it's over!" She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Can I have some more champagne, please? Oh, I *am* enjoying myself! Are you?"

"Of course I am," said Mr. Marvell. "You see, my dear, I can't help holding the old-fashioned idea that Christmas is a time when we are all meant to be happy and at peace with one another. You have given me the most wonderful Christmas I have had for many years, and I am quite at a loss to express my gratitude and—if you will allow me to say so—my affection. My only regret is that we should have been neighbors so long and have been so—so conventional about it."

☆ "MAX wanted to ask you up for a drink several times, but I thought you'd be bored. I expect people like us are rather boring to people like you," said Prunella honestly.

"My dear," said Mr. Marvell, "do you really think that any young people are boring to an old and lonely man?"

Her fingers covered his for a moment.

"Well, I just hope I can afford to go on paying the rent, for I do think it would be a pity if we had to lose sight of each other just now, after getting to know each other so well. And you've obviously got to have some one to do your mending!"

It came to him with a shock that with the ten pounds he had squandered on the dinner he might have offered to pay part of her rent. It was as though, suddenly, the lights went out; he was no longer a fine dashing old gentleman squiring a lovely young actress on Christmas night, but a silly, doddering old spendthrift who should have known better.

He did not know how long he had been silent, when Prunella said:

"Do you think it's time we were going?"

"Why—why—" said Mr. Marvell, struggling back to the present, trying hard to recapture the festival spirit that so sadly had fled. "There's an entertainment presently—I think they call it a cabaret. Don't you want to see the cabaret, my dear?"

"Not very much." She shook her head, and he saw, with deep self-reproach, that the light had gone out of her as well; she was pale, extinguished under her crown of curls, and her eyes went anxiously to the clock.

I've bored her, he scourged himself. Fool that I am—I've bored her. "Very well, my dear." He signaled to the waiter for the bill.

☆ ISABEL STREET was very dark and quiet—as though Christmas had passed it by. The little house was black and cold. Prunella gathered up her white satin skirts to ascend the dubious stairs; her step was strangely heavy for so light and lovely a person. At the door of Mr. Marvell's sitting room they both paused.

"Well, my dear little girl, good night—" Mr. Marvell was beginning to say.

"Come up for a bit, won't you? That is, if you're not too tired. Please come. I want to tell you something."

The apartment had been tidied—superficially; it looked almost cosy when the lamps were on, and Prunella, stooping in her satin gown, had lit the fire. She turned and faced him.

"I'm sorry I made you come back so soon. It was selfish of me. But I'll tell you why. Max is on the air tonight. A special engagement. I sort of felt I'd—I'd like to hear him." She found a cigarette and lit it hungrily. "Silly, isn't it? But there you are. I suppose it's like having a needle stuck in some part of your body—you've got to wait for it to work itself out." She stopped, blew several smoke rings rapidly and with great skill, and asked him, "Would you like to hear Max? You must have heard him rehearsing his stuff, but it's different, somehow, when it comes over the air."

"I should like to hear him very much."

"Come in my bedroom, then—I moved the wireless in there when I was turning this room out this morning. It looks better, doesn't it?

"Max goes on at eleven fifteen," she told him, as, sitting on the edge of the broad divan bed, she began to twist the knobs of the instrument. The crashing climax of a studio party filled the room with sound. "We're just in time; Max comes on after this. He's really awfully good, you know," she went on, as though she could not bear to be silent for a minute. "Lots of people think his Loony stuff is better than Cole Porter's—and he writes all his things himself. Oh, yes, I used to help him a bit; mostly by criticizing. I haven't heard the stuff he's doing tonight—it's a new number; he didn't do it for me here— Here he is!"

The privilege of hearing the well known Max Ember, which many would have envied him, had frequently been Mr. Marvell's; although he had seldom been able to distinguish the words, there had been something so richly full of comedy in that drawling Oxford voice that Mr. Marvell had often been constrained to smile—as it were, at its echo.

Now, listening in, Mr. Marvell was conscious of disappointment. The jokes were there and were not bad ones; but there was no spirit in the voice that put them over. When he came to the end of his first number, the studio applause sounded organized and perfunctory. Mr. Marvell, surprised, taken aback, ventured a glance at Prunella.

She was staring at him with horror in her eyes.

"What's happened to him? He's a flop!"

The second number, a well known popular favorite, was a little better, and Mr. Marvell, preparing to clap his hands, looked again at Prunella. To his horror, she was lying stretched across the bed, crying as though her heart would break.

Mr. Marvell was old, but he was not past making a quick decision. He stepped from the bedroom into the sitting room, closing the door behind him. He had not got his glasses with him, and he would not waste time fumbling with directories. He lifted the telephone receiver and briskly dialed Information.

☆ THE room was bitterly cold, because Mr. Marvell had left the door open—on purpose. He had taken off his coat and slipped on his dressing gown. He was desperately tired, chilled, and longing to go to bed. Christmas was almost over, and enchantment slipping. His weary old life was settling back to its former level—the little level of petty shifts and economies that he had actually forgotten for a few glorious hours! But there was yet a moment—if only he had not been too late? They had promised to get the message to Mr. Ember—Mr. Marvell closed his eyes and tried to be patient. Presently old age and weariness had their way with him.

He awoke with a tremendous start—at the sound of a creaking stair. Some one was coming up the staircase in great bounds. Mr. Marvell's stiff limbs carried him to the door just in time to come face to face with Max Ember. Pale, distraught, his eyes stared wildly at Mr. Marvell as though he were seeing a ghost.

"Ah—it's just you, my boy. I'm glad to see you—a happy Christmas," faltered Mr. Marvell.

Then he went in, closed the door very softly, and smiled—as the footsteps went leaping upward, as there was a swift patter of bare feet above his head, as a door burst open, and as a cry proclaimed to all and sundry who might be interested the reunion of Mr. and Mrs. Max Ember.

THE END

BLOOD OF THE DRAGON

Caroline stood there, swaying unsteadily from side to side.

Love is blind, they say—But what manner of love could face a final test like this?

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

PART NINE—SHOWDOWN

☆ SIMPSON stared at the other man.

Had he heard aright?

"She's two-timin' you," Macdonnell had said.

Li Su-Chang two-timing him? With—oh, with whom?

Then he shook his head.

No, no! Couldn't be so. The other couldn't have meant that, since he had no idea that Simpson was really in love with the Chinese girl and intended to make her his wife.

What Macdonnell, doubtless, had meant was that Li Su-Chang was a traitress; that she was on the opposite side, playing Nag Yat's game.

Macdonnell's next words confirmed it: "She's hand in glove with that lousy Chink."

Simpson swallowed hard. He ordered a brandy; gulped it down.

He could not believe it.

Why, he reflected, Li Su-Chang was a Chinese patriot! Decent she was, straight through, and loyal and stanch and brave. And she hated Nag Yat, the man who had tortured and murdered her father, who had caused her mother to choose suicide rather than dishonor, and whom she

would have killed had not Simpson interfered, persuading her to give up her hate and become his ally. . . .

He turned to Macdonnell. "You're talking rot," he said angrily.

"I'm handin' you the straight dope," said the other, "though," punning regrettably, "this same straight dope is as crooked as a pig's tail." His smile broadened. "If you knew what happened . . ."

"What *did* happen?"

"A spot of burglary."

"Eh?"

"This afternoon. I was watching the little dame's house. She left. I gumshoed after her. She went to the beauty parlor. Good for a coupla hours, says I to myself, knowing skirts. And I beat it back to the house, got into her apartment, went over it—and," triumphantly, "found something tucked away."

He went on to tell that, under a pile of lingerie in one of her bureau drawers, he had come upon a package, wrapped in crimson silver-embroidered silk and containing what he guessed were pathetic little mementos of her childhood days: a small brocade-clad Chinese doll; a faded photograph of a man and a woman—her parents, he thought—sitting side by side in a garden; some dried flowers tied with pink ribbon; a tiny Buddha carved out of ivory; a New Testament inscribed to her by the American clergyman whose mission school she had attended. . . .

"All this," Macdonnell wound up, "and—what d'you think, boss?"

"What?" said Simpson impatiently.

Macdonnell stepped close to him.

"A wedding certificate."

"Whose?"

"Hers."

"Oh—Li Su-Chang . . .?"

"Yes—and Nag Yat. They were spliced by a justice of the peace down at Warrenton, Virginia."

There was a silence. Then Simpson demanded: "When did they—?"

"Not so long back. May the ninth."

☆ MAY the ninth. The date clicked in the detective's brain. It was the same day on which, feeling so terribly sorry for her and so terribly guilty, he had persuaded Li Su-Chang to become Nag Yat's mistress. And she—she had married him. The two must have taken a plane to Warrenton that night and . . .

Why had she done it?

He wondered, speculated; and a few seconds later told himself that he had the answer.

It was the primitive Mongol in Nag Yat which had appealed to the primitive Mongol in her. It had been his brutal passion which had overwhelmed her; had changed her hate to love; had made of her a slave, ready to follow him, the strong lawless war lord, though his hands were crimson with her parents' blood.

It was—yes—repulsive, beastly. But he could understand it psychologically.

On the other hand there was her treachery to him—and to China and to America. There was the way she had deceived him. Last night, for instance, when Nag Yat had telephoned to her and when, in a quivering voice, with what had seemed black despair, she had said to Simpson:

"I must go to him—live with him. With *him*—the man who murdered my father and who . . ."

Play-acting—that's what she had been doing. She had made a fool of him. And he had told her that he was going to the meeting at the Golden Peiping Cabaret, had made all preparations. . . . Of course she would warn Nag Yat.

It must be prevented.

He pulled himself together.

His house of cards, his house of dreams, of love, had toppled. Well, he reflected bitterly, it didn't matter. He was not an individual with a right to personal emotions. He was part of a machine, the secret-service machine. There lay his duty. . . .

"Say!" Macdonnell's voice cut into his thoughts.

"Yes?"

"About tonight—the meeting at the Golden Peiping—I guess you changed your mind?"

"Not at all. We shall proceed as I planned."

"But—now that you know this little dame done you dirt . . ."

"Makes no difference."

The other was not convinced, but he shrugged his shoulders.

The latter was silent for a moment or two. Again he told himself that Li Su-Chang must be prevented from giving warning to Nag Yat. There must be a way of doing it.

He looked into the restaurant. Nag Yat was still dancing with Caroline.

Caroline—who was an actress—and a good one. . . . "Listen, Mac!"

"Yeah?"

"Who's with you tonight?"

For there was a rule of the secret service, introduced by Simpson, that, whenever possible, an agent must have a colleague within easy distance to appeal to in case of trouble.

"Young Bill Endicott's with me," said Macdonnell. "Got a table near the orchestra."

"Couldn't be better. Nag Yat has never seen him. Nor has Li Su-Chang. Get hold of him."

He gave rapid instructions, and the other grinned. "O. K., boss."

☆ THE detective returned to the table and sat down beside the Chinese girl.

She had play-acted all these weeks, had she? Very well. He would give her a dose of her own medicine.

He spoke to her of his love. He dramatized it. He spoke of what he expected to do tonight at the Golden Peiping Cabaret. This, too, he dramatized. Oh, he declared, she was going to be proud of him. So proud. It would be a showdown between him and the agents of the totalitarian powers, the powers of evil—and he held the winning hand!

He did not give her a chance to say a word. For he knew that, had he heard her soft voice, telling him lies, it would have been like a knife twisting his soul. Caroline and Nag Yat returned to the table. Simpson ordered more champagne. It was brought.

"This," announced Nag Yat, "will have to be our last bottle. I have a date."

"So," said the detective, "have I."

Glasses were filled. And a few seconds later a fair-haired young man, smart in tails and white tie, approached with outstretched hand.

"Why," he exclaimed, "Carrie!"

Simpson glanced at his sister. Would she catch on? Pick up the cue? He touched her foot with his; then suppressed a sigh of relief. Oh, yes—she was a good little actress!

"Hank!" she cried. "Hank Powers! When did you leave Hollywood?"

"Flew in last night. Say—are you still the same swell little dancer?"

"Try me!"

He led her off. They danced. Four minutes later, Bill Endicott took her back to the table.

"Lunch with me tomorrow, Carrie?"

"Surest thing you know."

"I'll call for you at one."

Endicott bowed and walked away, while Caroline laughed.

"Great little guy, that Hank." She called to the waiter: "I want a brandy—straight."

The drink came. She tossed it down and ordered another.

Simpson hid a smile. Young Endicott—no doubt—had given her the message. Again his foot touched hers while he made disapproving comment: "Brandy—on top of champagne?"

"I drink what I please," was her answer, and her voice was a little thick. "And," with just the ghost of a hiccup, "if you don't want to buy it for me, I guess your brother Chink will." Her hand caressed Nag Yat's. "That right, sweetie-pie?"

Nag Yat was amused. He turned to the detective.

"Why," he demanded in Chinese, "try to teach manners to a coarse-haired barbarian? Why try to carve rotten wood, O wise brother?"

To Caroline, in English, he said:

"Brandy by the bottle, if you like."

So more brandy it was, with, suddenly, embarrassing results. For Caroline—and, later on, she explained to Harland Simpson that she had lifted the scene direct from a last year's Broadway hit—got up and stood there, swaying unsteadily.

"Gee!" she mumbled. "I don't feel so good."

"I don't wonder," observed Simpson severely. "I warned you that . . ."

"Shut up!" Caroline gave another and louder hiccup. "I"—she stammered—"I g-g-guess I'd b-b-better go home . . . something I ate . . ."

Simpson walked up to her.

"Come along."

"With you? Not on your life"—raucously—"wouldn't trust you . . ."

She took a faltering step or two. People at neighboring tables exchanged ironic glances. The head-

waiter came on a run. Caroline almost fell. She clutched at Li Su-Chang.

"Please," Simpson begged the latter in Chinese, "see her home."

"Very well."

The detective threw some money on the table; did not wait for the change. Together with Nag Yat, he took the two girls outside and put them into a taxicab. There were no final whispered instructions to his sister. He knew he could depend on her. She would see to it that Li Su-Chang had no chance of sending warning word to Nag Yat.

The cab disappeared, and he turned to the other.

"I suppose," he asked with a smile, "we are going the same way?"

"We are going," was the vainglorious rejoinder, "to make history."

History—so Simpson explained afterward to the great statesman in Washington—not destined to get into the history books. Nor into the newspapers; not even via the faintest Walter Winchellian whisper. At least, not one certain—and rather tragic—part.

"You see, sir," Simpson went on, "some of the men—I mean the rich American financiers who had put enormous sums into the new match company—were innocently involved. They knew nothing about the conspiracy. To them, since it was practically a monopoly, it was merely a foolproof chance of piling up more millions. But the public wouldn't have believed they were being used without their knowledge. There would have been lynchings in New York, Detroit, Chicago. Great residences and business blocks given to the flames. No, no—we couldn't tell the whole black, grim story. . . ."

☆ HE was glad that Chu Fung, the man whom he was impersonating, was portly—and more than portly. For, under his vest, the detective had concealed a clever, slightly curved machine—the invention of a gifted scientist attached to the secret service—which was strapped about his middle and with which he expected to make a word-for-word record of the proceedings in the back room of the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

These proceedings started with cold formality.

Between twenty and thirty men, including von Dennewitz, were present. They rose and bowed politely as Nag Yat entered with Simpson and introduced him:

"The honorable Chu Fung, gentlemen. You are all familiar with his achievements. He did splendid work for us in Europe and China."

There was a courteous murmur of welcome and appreciation. One by one, they approached and shook hands with the detective. One by one, Nag Yat—while the machine was spinning its silent, deadly record—gave their real names which, in most cases, were different from those written on their passports.

Presently they resumed their seats.

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IN BROWN BOTTLES, CANS, AND ON DRAUGHT

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Simpson looked about the room. It was not very large. On the walls were photographs of Hitler, Mussolini, Göring, Matsuoka, and smaller fry among the totalitarian lights.

Nothing here of interest to the American. Just the new false idols of a new false faith.

What interested him were the assembled men. Here was a rich tapestry of faces. Faces Latin and Teuton, Slav and Japanese. Faces, too, of renegade Chinese, renegade Norwegian, renegade Belgian. Faces, thought Simpson, that had about them a queer sort of sameness.

Not a racial sameness. Naturally not. Nor a criminal sameness. A sameness of stark villainy. But—and that was the most dreadful part of it—a sameness of exultation, of high endeavor, as these men saw it.

Men, all except Nag Yat—reflected the detective—who could be neither bullied nor bribed; who would go to the gallows or the stake as fearlessly as any early Christian martyr, though chanting not the praises of the true God but of the fraudulent demoniacal gods of evil for whom they had built a most terrible tabernacle . . . with the help of airplanes and bombs and submarines and panzer divisions, of famine and disease and cruelties unspeakable; with the help, too, of lying propaganda, of defeatism dinned into the ears of the simple-minded, the gullible; with the help, finally, of poison, dope. Dope contained in paper matches. . . .

He shuddered; then pulled himself together.

He had his job to do and would do it. He had given complete instructions. Doubtless, by this time his men were at their places. The net was being tightly drawn. Nobody would escape. Not even Nag Yat. Ah, he thought, *chiefly* not Nag Yat, the vicious heart of the conspiracy. And as to this last-minute upset—Li Su-Chang's treachery—well, it had blown over his personal, emotional house of cards. But it would not help the former war lord. The Chinese girl would not be able to send him warning. Caroline would see to that—no trouble; she was a brave, shrewd little kid, and Bill Endicott had slipped her a revolver during their dance. . . .

☆ THE meeting proceeded, interrupted occasionally by messengers who delivered notes, some to Nag Yat and some to von Dennewitz. Notes, evidently, that brought good news. For the two men would smile at each other.

Then von Dennewitz got up.

"Gentlemen," he began in precise Germanic accents, "I have an announcement to make. We have finally solved the problem of how to distribute the matches—not in small quantities, in unsafe, roundabout ways—but wholesale and—ah—legally."

"Pardon!" interrupted Simpson.

Here was the crucial moment: to hear, from the lips of the conspirators, what had happened in the past. Their testimony to be recorded on the hidden disk—a most conclusive record.

He got up. He was conscious of gray fear. Was too brave not to admit it. Then, once more, he pulled himself together.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "I am, of course, familiar with the plan as a whole. In fact, I may claim, with due modesty, that I had a hand in it. A most admirable plan, sure to succeed. A deathblow to this haughty and barbarous democracy. But there are a number of details of which I'm ignorant. I've been wondering about them. A matter—if you will forgive me—of mere curiosity. Would it be possible to tell me?"

"Gladly!" said von Dennewitz.

And he began to explain, with a terrible satanic pride, while the hidden recorder whirred its tale of guilt.

Von Dennewitz spoke, with sardonic amusement, of the Golden Peiping Cabaret. A night club where food was rich, drink of the best, entertainment sensuous and rowdy. Thus—he laughed—a place to appeal to these childish, ingenuous Americans. A place where clever people who knew how to listen could pick up gossip and scandal; could learn who could be approached, who blackmailed or bribed, since the conspiracy needed all sorts of minor agents. A place, furthermore, which had been utilized as the original financial unit—"a cell," said the German, "to borrow a word from our former Communist friends"—from which the enterprise could branch out and to which no suspicion could possibly attach.

He spoke in glowing terms of Professor Trau, the famous German scientist who, with the help of experiments carried out in Berlin, Rome, and Yokohama, had discovered how, through the juice of a particular brand of henequen blended with certain chemicals, a match could be produced that when lit caused cigarette paper—any cigarette paper at all—to release a poisonous substance. This substance was tasteless as well as odorless. But it affected the heart.

Death resulted seldom. Indeed, it was worse than death. The first use of the match caused merely temporary discomfort and, occasionally, fainting fits. . . . Simpson, as he remembered what had happened to Li Su-Chang, thought—and, as it turned out, was right—that she had used one of the matches by mistake. But steady use gradually weakened the heart. By the end of two months men were wrecks.

The matches, von Dennewitz continued, were manufactured, as Chu Fung surely knew, by the Sociedad Agricola down in Mexico. But perhaps it was news to him that a scheme was under way to manufacture them also in the United States and Canada and to export large quantities to England . . . "a free gift," was the German's sarcastic comment, "from one great democracy to another."

There was a ripple of mirth. Von Dennewitz added that—though here, he was certain, was something else which Chu Fung knew—the Sociedad Agricola was controlled by the Meteor Supreme Corporation which had some of America's most prominent financiers on its board of directors. But—news, this, he declared, great and glorious news, not only to Chu Fung but to most of the gentlemen assembled—thanks to the directors' influence in Washington, and the fact that the concern had underbid all its competitors, late this afternoon a contract had been signed with the War Office by which the Sociedad Agricola received a virtual monopoly of supplying matches to all U. S. army posts, camps, and naval stations.

"That," he said, "was the announcement I meant to make when," with a courteous bow to Simpson, "this gentleman asked me about some of

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THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

the various details of our work."

He held up the notes which the messengers had delivered.

"Reports," he wound up triumphantly, "from our Washington agents. We win—ah—in back of the battle lines, as we have won at the front in France, Belgium, Norway, Greece, China. It is the beginning of the end for the democratic nations. All their efforts—and I do not deny their bravery—will be, hereafter, in vain. For an army does not walk on its stomach, as Napoleon claimed, but on its heart. And"—his voice peaked a shrill octave—"can you imagine an army of which eighty per cent or so suffer from cardiac trouble—an army doped and poisoned?"

Excitement swept through the room. Then silence—a silence broken as another messenger entered, walked up to Nag Yat and handed him an envelope.

The Chinese opened it, read, frowned. "Anything important?" inquired von Dennewitz.

"No, no. Tell you later." The other crumpled up the piece of paper, and the meeting proceeded.

It dealt with the actual distribution of the poisoned matches, the methods to be used in forwarding them, the quantities to be sent and when and where; and a stocky swarthy Spaniard proposed that in no case should foreigners be employed in the work. He held that the more Americans, and all native-born, not naturalized citizens, were involved, though innocently, the better it would be for the totalitarian cause.

"For," he argued, "let us suppose that after a while the American secret service discovers what is the matter. The public will not believe that the people engaged in the distributing were innocent. There will be bloody riots. Almost civil war."

Von Dennewitz inclined his head.

"You're right, Don Manuel. Poison of the mind added to poison of the body. An alliance that cannot be beaten. Ah—I repeat—it is the beginning of the end."

"The beginning of the end," Simpson echoed silently. "But a different end from what you expect."

The machine recording was complete. Time to take the next step.

He rose casually; casually approached the half-open window.

America, he reflected, made him sick occasionally, with its waste, its fever, its corruption, its faddishness, its futility. Oh, yes—made him sick. And then, suddenly, something would happen. A national emergency, as today, and America would respond magnificently and wholeheartedly. There would be a few to cavil and find fault; to preach subservience and defeatism. And why not? Had they not a right to their opinions? Were not they, too, Americans? But the country as a whole would stand stanchly shoulder to shoulder.

A great land, this America of ours, the detective thought. None greater. And my job (proudly) to help this greatness along—a little.

His glance swept Sixth Avenue. He saw what he had hoped to see. A very tall man was patrolling the pavement, carrying a huge sign on which was printed:

GOLDEN PEIPING CABARET UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR

There was momentarily a lull in the roaring street traffic. Simpson whistled sharply. The man with the sign dropped it, then picked it up.

Simpson whistled again; turned back to face the room.

The men there had paid no attention to him; had not heard. They were too busy, talking and gesticulating excitedly in small tight groups.

He went to the door. He listened.

Faintly, stealthily, from downstairs, came a shuffling of feet. He waited breathlessly, each second a dragging eternity. The feet reached the landing, slurred to a halt.

He threw open the door.

A cry: "In the name of the law!"

The conspirators turned. They turned as one man, in a strange wooden manner. They stared—and saw on the threshold a sweep of faces, black holes of revolver barrels leveled in a straight threatening line.

A rush then, despairing and hopeless, toward the door; checked by Macdonnell's: "Hands up!"

Simpson stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he announced—and perhaps the words were a little theatrical, but he could not help it; it was the Irish in him, the eternally romantically boyish—"may I introduce myself? . . . Harland Simpson of the United States intelligence service."

He motioned to Macdonnell.

"All the prisoners in a bunch, Jim. Except Nag Yat. I'll examine him separately."

"O. K., boss," replied the other. He raised his voice: "Nag Yat! You're wanted!"

There was no answer.

"Nag Yat!"

Still no answer. And a few moments later it became clear that the Chinese had disappeared. He must have left the room, thought the detective, during the short time when he himself had been at the window.

Had Li Su-Chang succeeded in giving him warning, after all?

Must have. But how?

Then Simpson remembered the message which Nag Yat had received a quarter of an hour earlier. The piece of paper he had crumpled up. . . .

There it was on the floor, near where Nag Yat had sat. And the detective picked it up. He read:

Come to me, best beloved [was written on it in Chinese characters]. Come to me at once. I need you. . . .

Has Nag Yat escaped? Has Li Su-Chang really betrayed Simpson by warning the chief conspirator? And what has happened to Caroline, Simpson's sister, who was to prevent the Chinese girl from communicating with Nag Yat? Next week the story ends in a series of swift surprises.

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BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ A CHRISTMAS party launched the career of Richard Dyer-Bennet, newest of troubadours. He was a California college student; wanted to be a professional ballplayer. At the party he sang songs just for fun. Gertrude Wheeler Beckman, the teacher, heard him and said, "Thirty years I've been trying to find a young man eager to keep the past alive by folklore and folksong. I think you've got something."

Young Richard said, "I've got the urge, lady—let's go!" He'd been his neighborhood's natural-born entertainer since childhood. Now he knew what to do.

After toiling three years on music and dramatics, he hoboed to Sweden for guidance from dying Sven Schollander, last of Europe's great folksingers. He bought the last lute ever built by Schollander's aged maker of medieval music instruments.

Through Europe tramped Dyer-Bennet, literally singing for his suppers—and collecting old songs. Back in this country, he explored the ghost towns of the frontier West for material. He worked often with a North Carolina song collector, Professor Fletcher Collins. Over the radio he now gives us The Charleston Merchant, The Golden Vanity, The Dublin Fiddler. His racier numbers are fashionably enjoyed at the smart Ruban Bleu Club in New York. From an ancient Australian gold prospector in Nevada he learned the favorite song of the Anzac troops at war today—The Song of the Swag Man (Waltzing Matilda). It had been forgotten for years until the marching Anzac soldiers revived it.

☆ LISTED in Burke's Peerage, he might be sitting in the House of Lords if not American-born and if there weren't two relatives in line ahead of him. Last Christmas he sang a song that seems even more appropriate this year. Sang it at a winter-sports hotel in our Yosemite National Park—a resort where Christmas dinner has become a magnificent event, all done in costume, copied from Washington Irving's description of Bracebridge Hall—very picturesque and *very* expensive. Richard Dyer-Bennet chose the Ballad of the Battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415.

Every one who loves England will love these opening lines:

Our king went forth to Normandy
With grace and might and chivalry.
The God for him wrought marvelously.
Wherefore may England call and cry,
"Deos gratias Anglia,
Redde pro victoria!"

☆ *NEW perfumes for Christmas gifting:* Scent-O-Lite colognes, White Poppy, Whimsy, Soirée, etc., bottle set in wax base to use later as candle holder; $1. . . . Gourielli's romantic Moonlight Mist; $2. . . . Faberge's Chambray, perfect with tailored togs; $2.50 and up. . . . Fiesta Flowers by Beauty Counselors; $4.50, or their Perfume Package of three small vials, to mix as you please; $4.25. . . . Ciro's luxurious New Horizons; $6.50. . . . Helena Rubinstein's all-American Essence of Gardenia; $10. . . . Corday's super-sophisticated Ardente Nuit; $12.50.

☆ WINDOW-DRESSERS' wives and daughters, I've just learned, are often their severest critics. They lurk outside the store to get first peek at papa's new display, and if they don't like it they're apt to make faces through the window. One dresser told me he had changed a Christmas window half a dozen times before it satisfied his own womenfolk!

☆ INSTEAD of rich pie or pudding after your big dinner, why not serve *Christmas beggars* with port wine or Madeira? The beggars are fancy raisins dried on the branch, tangerines, apples, cracked nuts, preserved ginger, candied fruits. With a real good dessert wine this is the swell thing to do.

☆ KINDERGARTEN childishness is fun at Christmastime. Walt Disney gave wife Lillian a gold coin (collector's item), with folding money tucked beneath it. Walt's card said: "Don't try to spend this shining shekel. With the bill buy yourself some underweckle."

☆ *CHILDREN'S* books run to history this year, following the movie trend. You'll find juvenile histories galore at any bookstore. Instead of listing them, I am going to mention a few new books that give young people something to *do* as well as to read: Puzzle Me This, by Edna Yost and Janet McMaster, hides simple rhymes in easy crossword puzzles. (Oxford University Press. $1.) . . . Find the Animals, by Dorothy N. King, is a zoo-game book for small kids. (Harcourt, Brace & Company. $1.50.) . . . A Child's Book of Prayers. (Random House. $1.50.) . . . The Boys' Book of Magnetism, by Raymond F. Yates—games and experiments with magnets. (Harper & Brothers. $2.) . . . Stephen Foster and His Little Dog Tray, by Opal Wheeler—real American music that children can play. (E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.) . . . How to Build a Modern Navy, by H. H. Gilmore—with plans for all warcraft types, instructions about tools and materials. (Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50.)

century; it appears in both the King James and the Douai Versions of the Bible; it is the common form in usage today. If Mr. Miles will change his *shallnot* to *shannot*, and his *willnot* to *wonnot*, the common forms of those negatives in the seventeenth century, he will see that the apparent inconsistency has vanished. We have abridged *shannot* to *shan't*, *wonnot* to *won't*, and *cannot* to *can't*, but the language never contained *shallnot* nor *willnot*.—*Charles Earle Funk.*

AND A VERY NICE ONE IT IS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Some time ago you gave your readers a glimpse of a little Word Maze puzzle. Here is one I made up. There are at least six musical instruments in it. To find them, begin in any square you choose and move in any direction from one square to another until you have spelled out a word. You may not jump a square nor enter the same twice while forming any single word.—*Harold Hart.*

C	P	N	T	C
A	I	R	E	L
N	M	E	A	Y
O	G	L	R	H

Don't look now, but the six words are on page 52.—VOX POP ED.

CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF POSITRON . . .

STEVENS POINT, WIS.—The answer to one of the Twenty Questions in November 22 Liberty says that in theory the division of a cake in halves could go on forever, there always being one half left.

This statement is not in accord with the theory of physics, as accepted at present, that material things are composed of a finite number of indivisible entities. It is conceivable, in theory, that the division might go on till there was only one subatomic entity left, whether it be an electron, a positron, or a proton. But it could go no farther than that.—*Carl Moe.*

FAN MAIL FOR MR. DOOLEY

VAN WERT, OHIO—Eddie Dooley in his article Are Football Coaches Overrated? (November 15 Liberty) fumbled one. He implied that any coach could have a successful team if he had the material, and mentioned Shaughnessy at Stanford University.

If you recall, however, Shaughnessy took over the same material that the year before had been all but run into the Pacific. Under his coaching they won every game, including the Rose Bowl. Maybe Mr. Dooley credits this to the fact that the players were all one year older. —*DeWitt Brown.*

BOCA RATON, FLA.—I think your football editor Eddie Dooley must be out of his mind.—*Cleland van Dresser.*

Company WILL LOVE THIS HOMESPUN FEAST

A Simple, Inexpensive And Delicious Dinner—And An Unusual Setting—Planned Around Heinz Toothsome Oven-Baked Beans, Boston-Style With Pork And Molasses

WHAT TO SERVE:

Old-Fashioned Ham Bone Beans
Heinz Stone-Ground Brown Mustard
Whole Wheat Rolls
Cole Slaw Mixed with Heinz India Relish
Apple Dumplings with Hot Blackberry Sauce (canned berries) Coffee

HOW TO SERVE IT: Plain monk's cloth with fringed edges makes attractive place mats. For centerpiece, turn down outer leaves of a large cabbage. Set bunches of grapes—red and white—on turned-down leaves.

RECIPE

OLD-FASHIONED HAM BONE BEANS
(to serve 6)

For this unusual and hearty dish, use the bone and remnants of a baked ham. Or boil a ¾ lb. ham bone till tender. Remove skin. Pour off liquid. Add two large tins Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—any style. Heat thoroughly. Serve ham bone surrounded by beans on large platter, garnished with parsley.

BEANS like these are a credit to any hostess! For they're baked in hot, dry ovens to a deep brown. Every bean is tender—glistening with rich sauces. Try all 4 kinds: Boston-style with pork and molasses; in tomato sauce with pork; Vegetarian-style in tomato sauce without meat; and red kidney beans.

FREE! Helpful new folder—*It's fun to Plan Parties*—offers unusual recipes, menus, clever hostess suggestions for all kinds of parties. Write Dept. L-12, H.J.Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

MISSISSIPPI BELLE—Continued from Page 28

leaves—*Oh, how sick she was of swaying like a flower! Of making fat drunks weep over fine songs!* . . . "Never asked for the toll—"

She was too busy singing, too busy worrying over tonight's take, too busy hating everything, to notice what fat drunk Jim Blake was hovering over.

Jim Blake read the papers—the arrivals and departures. It was part of his business. Notables came to Blake's, and it was a good idea to know who they were. So when this shabby, thickset, unprepossessing drunk wandered in, he wondered and watched. He marked down the beaked nose, the high forehead, the curiously delicate mouth with the hard lines to its corners. Dirty cuffs—good clothes worn ragged because he was too lazy to be measured for new ones. Blake's business was to size up people. It didn't

Aber, such a t'ing like t'at"—he waved a vague hand toward Caitlin—"you should not interrupt. What you want?"

☆ BLAKE said, "Has she got a voice? Could you train her?"

"Woice? Woice? What's a woice? In the nose, maybe. In the t'roat, somet'ing. In the arch of the mout'. The lungs—*ja.*" He raised his beer. "*Prosit!* No—no woice. Make she shall sink some more. Me—Mordecai—I like it!"

Caitlin was startled — outraged! "Three songs is what I sing. If I didn't sing more for a duke or a prince or the Vice-President of the United States, why would I for some greasy friend of yours?"

"Because I tell you to. It's important!"

In the end, Caitlin sang. She sang The Wearin' o' the Green because that she's just got to make some money."

"Money?" Mordecai stared at him owlishly. "*Ach—ja!* Money—t'at's different. I t'ought it iss a career she wants. Money—*ja!* In opéra bouffe, in comedy opera, money she shall get. . . . Come—because she makes me weep wit' enjoyment, we talk wit' her."

☆ IN Blake's office, Caitlin stood at bay. She was angry, bewildered. Jim Blake stood back, grinning, while this sloppy-looking ape advanced on her and told her to throw her head back. He said, "Pardon, plizz!" and tilted her head back and looked right up her nose. Before she could get her wits together and her hand into action to slap him loose, he said, "T'e mout' now—wide!"—and took her lower jaw in his filthy hand and opened her mouth and stared right into it.

Caitlin wrenched away. "What does

20 QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinquetea, our special question tester, missed three—Nos. 3, 16, and 20. Count double if you get those correct. He says he's been studying up on sports, which had been a weak spot, so he got No. 5 right this time.

1—Which American President's son later became Secretary of War?

2—If a man says he's a Benedick (or benedict), is he single, married, or a widower?

3—What government department has a "strip tease" office, and what is its purpose?

4—"This," the professor said, "is an example of the igneous type; that is sedimentary; and these are metamorphic." Of what was he professor?

5—Who were the two players voted most valuable to their teams in the National and American baseball leagues?

6—Battles in recent months have been raging over the Crimea. What episode of another war there is the subject of a famous English poem?

7—Two planets closer to the sun than the earth is are called "inferior planets." What are their names?

8—A clock which strikes the hours takes a half second for each stroke, with a half second between each stroke. How long would it take that clock to strike midnight?

9—Can you complete this slogan used by Republicans in 1856: "Free soil, free men, free speech, ——"?

10—What is the difference between a U-boat and a Q-boat?

11—Which two South American countries have no coast line?

12—Would you use a Leyden jar for jam, cookies—or what?

13—Which river is known as the "King of Waters"?

14—What character of Shakespeare was originally named Sir John Oldcastle, but was changed because of objections from an Oldcastle descendant?

15—The population center of the U. S. is located in what state?

16—Where are the Straits of Ballambangjan, and what is peculiar about them?

17—Which were the last two Cabinet offices to be created—and when?

18—Every large police department has a "modus operandi" file. What is it?

19—What accomplishment of Pierre Charles L'Enfant keeps his name alive in the U. S.?

20—This man became a grandfather not long ago—yet, though he was regarded as "king" in his own field for many years, his nickname means the opposite of grandfather. Who is he?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

need the fingers beating time on the table, the sudden gulp, the break-up of the hard face.

"Aren't you Mordecai—of Vienna?"

The heavy head did not lift. "*Ja*, I am Mordecai. Git owit! I am weeping now—enjoying myseluf."

Blake let him weep and enjoy himself. Mordecai of Vienna was one of the first voice teachers of Europe. When hopeful singers from any country on the globe flocked to him, offering any money for the privilege of saying later, "I worked with Mordecai!" he threw out ninety-seven out of a hundred. From the chosen three he extracted fantastic sums—or nothing at all. Money was something that came to him if he wanted it. It bought him food, wines, and—what he much preferred—laziness and good beer.

When Caitlin had ended, on a roar of applause, he signaled the waiter with a jerk of his thumb. "Anodder beer—this one I haf weeped into—so!"

He turned to Blake. "*Grüss Gott!* was one song this foreign-looking man probably wouldn't understand. And because she was tired and angry she put rebellion and fighting into it.

. . . Mordecai applauded loudly, blew his nose, and swallowed a pint of beer at a draft. "She sinks like I should go owit and kill a German—*oder* a Frenchman. What it means—words, I couldn't tell you. Fightink. *Aber*, woice—no!"

Blake had an idea and he wasn't letting go. "But if you trained her? You—Mordecai?"

Mordecai had had a good many beers. "For opera? Screech-singink?" He put his hands to his chest, rolled up his eyes, and hit a falsetto high C. "Twenty-five years I teach screech-singink. How many times do I find a warm voice? Maybe two. What comes with them? Nothing! In opera the ladies and gentlemen want technique—technique. For that they clap hands. Acrobats they clap, too—pfui!"

"But see here. Isn't there anything she could do with a voice like that? your friend think I am? A horse?"

Blake grinned. "He thinks you're a singer. And he's the best judge in the world."

That stopped Caitlin long enough for Mordecai to step back and wipe his hands, which had been on her nose and mouth, on the seat of his breeches. "Singink—no! Woice—no! Opéra bouffe—maybe! . . . T'e leks now, plizz."

Caitlin stared at him.

"T'e leks—t'e leks, plizz! I mean show me t'e leks, plizz. In opera-funny is important t'e leks. Up t'e dresses—" Mordecai, who could have been an actor if he hadn't been a voice teacher, showed her a timid girl raising her skirts before a theatrical producer who wanted to know what she had before he hired her. "Leks," he reassured her, "is not'ing to me, *liebchen*. Up t'e dresses!"

Caitlin turned a sudden crimson. She said, "Jim, please turn your back." And when he had done it, she pulled up her skirts over her knees.

"More up, plizz, t'e dresses. Is important, t'e leks."

A little higher. "H'm—good so, t'e lower leks." Mordecai stood off and stared judgmatically. "But is too long, t'e drawers. You take 'em off—no?"

"Listen, Mordecai—" Blake half turned.

The beefy shoulders shrugged. "Me, I am Mordecai—leks is not'ing to me. Warm singink—*ja!* Makes me weep—enjoy myseluf. Leks is business. Now I feel t'e upper leks—" He did so. . . . "*Ja*—round! Good-muscled. Down t'e dresses, *liebchen*—is all over."

He turned to the outraged Blake. "We go to t'is Walsh. Good feller—manages t'e opera. From singink he knows not'ing. Me, Mordecai, I tell him he shall put t'is *liebchen* in comic opera. Looks good in tights—feels good, anyhow."

Blake said, "And you'll train her, then?"

"Train? *Aber nein!* You haf heard t'e nightingale? . . . *Nein?* But t'e mockingbird, *nein?* Sinks better t'an six nightingales. Sinks warm! . . . Do I teach t'e mockingbird it shall screech like a canary? Pfui!"

So it came about that Caitlin got the part of the soubrette in Comme-ci, Comme-ca. For the first week she was to get twenty-five dollars—after that, if she made good, fifty.

Those were busy days that followed. She had her part to learn. She had to learn a hundred things that she had never dreamed were a part of acting. Morning and afternoon, it was rehearse, rehearse, rehearse. She had to get up her costumes, too. She wasn't, she was relieved to find, to appear in tights, but Walsh, who had seen her legs too, was determined to get the soubrette's skirts as short as the police would allow.

At Blake's there was plenty of excitement over the news. The girls crowded in to congratulate her. They worked their fingers sore helping with the costumes.

Then, a week before the opening, the whole plan almost went to rack.

Walsh had used the name Kate Ryan in his advertising—and suddenly fashionable New Orleans was in an uproar. The notorious Kate Ryan to appear before the wives and daughters of respectable folk—it was unthinkable!

Walsh, who had no background of gentility, had had no idea what a storm he was about to raise until a body of the better citizens bowed their way into his office. They were courteous, but they meant business. This thing could not happen.

It was going to happen. Walsh was courteous, but he meant business, too. He didn't inquire into the pasts of his artists—they were here to sing.

Mordecai happened to be in the office. "You haf," he told the committee, "in t'e Art Gallery, copy of a picture by Titian. Wenus. Big, nekkit woman—woluptuous." He made the immemorial hourglass gesture. "Did you got a certificate from her Sunday-school teacher, morals of Titian's model was all right?"

The committee appeared to have a low opinion of Mordecai of Vienna, and an even lower one of his argu-

Coming!

IN DARKEST HARLEM

Helen Worden and Edward Doherty present a close-up of "The World's Most Wicked City."

SEE YOU SOMETIME!

A story of a girl in love who discovered what happens when women play with fire.

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS OFFICE IN WASHINGTON

No, it's not the F. B. I. What it is, and why the mystery are revealed by Walter Karig.

TRIUMPH

A blithe story of a Little Theater romance and a kiss that brought down the house.

LINDBERGH AND THE JEWS

The threat of Anti-Semitism is discussed by a professor from the University of Notre Dame.

BEFORE YOU PAN HOLLYWOOD . .

Take a look with Howard Dietz, M-G-M spokesman, at the gold beneath the glitter.

You'll also find articles by Gracie Allen, Jack Dempsey, George Jean Nathan, and Sidney S. Lenz. There are other stories, too, besides the usual departments and installments of the serials.

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

ment. They brushed it and him aside. And then, one of the more excitable citizens threatened police action.

Walsh was Irish, too. That got his back up. What was more, he knew a good deal more about the police than the respectable body before him did. Still courteous, but biting off his words, he pointed out that Kate Ryan had never been troubled by the police in the character that had made her notorious. Why should she be troubled in a character that would make her reasonably respectable? He doubted that the police would take any action.

That got the backs of the citizens up. They'd see that the police took action!

The manager knocked his cigar ash off into the brass spittoon. "Hope you will, gentlemen," he said. "New Orleans hasn't supported its opera house through these times as it ought to. Winning a few suits at law for libel and defamation of character would help us right now. And"—he ran his eyes over the committee—"you gentlemen will be called on to testify in court, in any case, as to just how you know Kate Ryan is an immoral character—and to prove it."

The gentlemen stared at him, more than a little startled. Mordecai's beefy shoulders began to shake convulsively. After the door had closed behind them, the gentlemen heard his great bull bellow of laughter.

☆ ALL the afternoon Caitlin had dug her nails into her palms, walked up and down her room, tried to remember her cues, tried to remember which foot went first in a balance, or a cross, sung *mi-mi-mi-mi*, and gargled with glycerine and rose water when her voice inevitably broke on the last one. . . . Last night Mordecai of Vienna had come to her. "One little t'ing you need, *liebchen*. Before singink, is not'ing so good for t'e woice like a night of lof. Me—Mordecai, I offer myseluf to your woice!"

Caitlin giggled. "But you said I didn't have any voice."

Mordecai laughed. "Brains you got, too, *liebchen!* So—is no harm to try. . . . I will be in t'e wings to gif you t'e kick for luck. Me—Mordecai!"

She didn't know what the kick for luck was, but she would feel better if Mordecai was there.

Then time rushed up on her. She was being made up, and her hands and feet cold, and she couldn't remember a thing. . . . Then she was on the stage, the curtain still down, and behind the curtain the house was filling.

A woman, Madame Bellini, offered her the peephole in the curtain. "Good big house, dearie—take a look!" The regular cast had been kind to Caitlin. They had been stand-offish at first, but after the citizens' protest they had rallied to her. Unwearyingly they had cued her, taught her stage tricks, helped her.

Caitlin stared through the peephole. The aisles were full and the seats were filling. Her eye lost itself in the array of white shirt fronts. . . . Madame Bellini patted her reassuringly. "You're all right, dearie—just make like they ain't there. If anything slips, do a *mi-mi-mi* and we'll cover up for you." . . . Anxiously—"Who's giving you your kick? Walsh?"

Caitlin said, "I—well, Mordecai said—I don't know—"

Madame Bellini said, "Mordecai! And you don't know? Listen, dearie. When Mordecai does it, you're lucky for life!" She elbowed Caitlin away from the peephole. "Heavens, look at 'em come in! Never saw so many shirt fronts in my life!"

In the lobby, Walsh was saying the same thing to Jim Blake—but in a different tone. There were men and men and men—practically no women. "I don't like it," Walsh said, chewing his cigar. "A show that don't pull women—"

But the women were coming! They came in a body—led by Coolin in tails, plug hat, and the biggest pair of white gloves in New Orleans. . . . This was the surprise! The street girls—the parlor-house girls—the dance-and-drink-check girls—they had put up two dollars each to see Kate Ryan's triumph. They had a solid block of seats.

Blake swore softly and helplessly. You just couldn't tell what tarts would do!

Will Caitlin be a success in spite of the disapproval of the respectable folk of New Orleans? Or will her friends, with the best intentions in the world, ruin her chances? Fate takes a hand on this memorable first night, and a new complication is brought into Caitlin's life. Don't miss the next eventful chapter!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Robert Todd Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, Secretary of War under Presidents Garfield and Arthur.
2—He would be married. A Benedick—named after a character in Much Ado About Nothing—(or benedict) is a confirmed bachelor who gets snared.
3—The OPM, which goes over specifications for civilian production and strips off what seems unnecessary.
4—Geology.
5—Dolph Camilli of the Brooklyn Dodgers in the National League; Joe DiMaggio of the New York Yankees in the American.
6—The Charge of the Light Brigade, by Tennyson.
7—Mercury and Venus.
8—Eleven and a half seconds.
9—"Frémont." He was their Presidential candidate.
10—A U-boat is a submarine and a O-boat is a "mystery ship," often a raider disguised as a tramp.
11—Paraguay and Bolivia.
12—The Leyden jar is an early form of electrical condenser, originated at Leyden University.
13—The Amazon, in South America.
14—Sir John Falstaff.
15—Indiana—the southwestern section.
16—They are mythical straits about which sailors tell tall stories—one, for instance, relates that they are so narrow that elephants get their trunks caught in the ship's rigging.
17—The Departments of Commerce and Labor were first organized as one department in 1903; but in 1913 they were separated.
18—An index of known criminals listed under their particular "specialty," as criminals are known to follow certain types of crime.
19—He designed the city of Washington, D. C.
20—Babe Ruth.

Solution to Word Maze on Page 49

Piano, Harp, Lyre, Clarinet, Harmonica, Triangle

The Strong Man's Greatest Thrill

Liberty's True Two-Minute Story

☆ THIS is the tale as it was told to me by Muscleo, the man of might. We were in the grill of the old NVA—the clubhouse of vaudeville performers on West Forty-sixth Street. Muscleo had finished his show—in which he lifted a truck and won a tug of war with four horses—and now he was on his third beefsteak. I asked him a question.

"You have done all sorts of dangerous stunts," I reminded him. "What was the greatest thrill in your life?"

He finished the last half pound of rare beef, and then said, "Years ago, down on Fourteenth Street, I was playing thirty performances a day in a side show. I was standing on the soapbox out in front with a bathrobe over my tights when a little boy called to me.

" 'Hey, Mr. Jones.'

" 'Don't call me Mr. Jones,' I said. 'I am Muscleo the Great.'

" 'Your father is dying,' said the little boy. 'You better come home.'

"I went to our flat in a hansom cab. The family was at the bedside. My father opened his eyes when I came in and smiled at my mother. 'Mama,' he said, 'don't worry. Harry will pour gold in your apron.' Harry was me.

"I played all over the world. One day I got a cablegram from a New York vaudeville agent. He offered me one thousand dollars a week to play the Palace, on Broadway—every vaudevillian's dream.

"I sent a reply: 'Okay if you will pay my salary in gold.'

"Friday night they paid off. I put my salary in a bag and rode uptown to mother's flat. She was sewing, in a rocking chair. I said, 'Mother, hold out your apron.' I poured the gold money into her apron.

"That was the greatest thrill I ever had."—*Robin Stage.*

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PANAMA
COAST ARTILLERY NEWS
QUARRY HEIGHTS, CANAL ZONE

Dear Sarge:

After all the tripe we fellows down here read in This Man's Army from the temporary heroes, it should be a decided relief to you—and certainly to the readers of Liberty—to hear from one outfit that doesn't want one damned thing that it can't get for itself—the outfit that isn't preparing for war because, in the words of its former Commanding General, Major General Sandy Jarman, *it is ready!*

We're the Panama Coast Artillery. There are many, many thousands of us. We've been in the jungles of Panama since 1939 and two of our batteries were in action as early as June, 1940. We have built our own roads, our own barracks, our own everything. We have emplaced our own guns on more than 200 jungle hilltops scattered over a thousand square miles of tropical wilderness infested with wild animals and the earth's most poisonous snakes—coral, bushmaster, viper, and fer-de-lance.

We haven't lost one man by snake bite; our disease and malaria rate is the lowest in the history of United States troops on duty in the tropics. We don't parade, because we're here on a serious job! We have just finished the annual target practices of all our batteries; a job which took from January to September, with from five to seven batteries on the firing line at a time.

We have just won the highest number of Red E's (and you know that's the highest award the United States gives artillery outfits for excellence with their guns instead of with their mouths) ever awarded to any one outfit in the United States services.

We are responsible for the defense of America's most vital waterway, the Panama Canal, against attacks from the sea and from the air. That's our job. We are confident we can do it as we've done every other job handed us; and if there are any doubters—well, we're waiting! We have been at our war positions since June 20, 1940, on constant "alert."

What started me off on this? George Sokolsky's article, Yoo-Hoo! Have We Got a Sissy Army? in Liberty's October 25 issue. Tell George that he doesn't know any more about the Army now than he did when I knew him back in Shanghai; and tell the cockeyed world that the Panama Coast Artillery isn't even remotely akin to the spongecake heroes he writes about! And here's an invitation to George to come down here and get acquainted with the fightin'est, drinkin'est, shootin'est, best trained, and hardest hitting fighting *men* in the uniform of the United States—something of which we are very proud!

And haven't we something to ask you for? Sorry, Sarge, we haven't. We're the Panama Coast Artillery; and if we needed anything, we'd go out and get it for ourselves, as we have ever since we landed on Latitude Nine. Let the cheesecake boys yell while we do their fighting!

And so good luck to you, Sarge. I'm one, too, from away back!

Mille gracias—vaya usted con Dios —our poor jungles are yours (and you can damn well have 'em after we're finished with 'em!).

El Toro Ferdiliza of the
Panama Coast Artillery News.
(signed) *Clay Doster,*
Master Sergeant, CAC.

Dear El Toro Doster:

I've tried to edit your letter, but I couldn't. It's too good just as you wrote it. After all, I've been chuckling over your Panama Coast Artillery News since it started and I think it only fair to let my readers have a real sample of the *ferdiliza* for which Clay Doster, as editor, has achieved fame.

Not that I agree with all you say, not by a long shot. The Panama Coast Artillery has no monopoly on guts and initiative and brains, although I'll admit that the record shows its full share of them, and more. You've done a swell job and all the credit you get is none too much. But I know of a lot of other outfits which could and would take you on gladly, with no holds barred and no favors asked or given. I don't mean all outfits off the mainland, either. I wish you could have seen some of the work the boys did up here in the recent maneuvers. Hard hitting was no name for it. I think that they could qualify for your other adjectives, too.

If I could ever get your outfits and theirs together, all *you'd* have to say would be a few things like "temporary heroes" and "cheesecake boys." They might yell, as you say, but it would be the sort of yell that says, "Here I come!" not "There I go!"

It looks like a tough time ahead for us all and things will probably be worse before they're better. We've all got to pull together, and the tougher we are the tougher it will be for our opponents. That's one reason why I'm printing your letter in full and why I'm replying to it at some length. The same spirit that you say exists in the Canal Zone I say exists up here. Don't try to tell me that even your outfit hasn't its fair share of weepers and moaners. The hell it hasn't—I've got letters from them to prove it. But that's neither here nor there. What counts is the spirit of the many, not the few. We can take care of the latter.

About George Sokolsky. His article kicked up one of the prettiest little dust storms you ever saw. Apparently he had something there. He has read your letter and asked me to give you his regards and tell you that he hopes you too know more about the Army than you did back in the old Shanghai days. I told him you must or you wouldn't be a master sergeant. Right?

I wish I could deliver this letter personally: it would be fun. I can't, so take the wish for the deed. Carry on, El Toro, you're doing one fine job down in those jungles. We'll try to match you, up here.

Old Sarge.

P.S.—Merry Christmas to you and all the readers of this page, wherever they may be.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

One look at the alluring Carole Landis and a man will appreciate why the gentlemen who left the ladies (see page 56) were glad when she said, "Wait for me."

How to Get On WITH MEN

Forget you're female, remember you're a lady, says a Hollywood beauty . . Try it!

BY CAROLE LANDIS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ IT seems illogical to me that women, working in and for a world of men, still persist in dressing for other women, thinking in female terms and choosing other women as their closest friends. The sex element excluded, men, in general, do not like females, do not understand the way they think, and would rather do business after a masculine pattern.

Another woman will almost never do anything for you, even if it's no trouble, while a man will help you just because you're a woman, and go out of his way to help you if you're the kind he likes. If you stand in another woman's way, she will knife you if she can; if you stand in a man's way, he will stop a minute and talk.

This being true, the smart working girl will act and think the way men do if she wants to get places.

Now, this may seem feline and cynical, but I believe that professional women, as a class, *are* feline and cynical. Take, for example, what happened at a party given by the charming Constance Bennett. Miss Bennett wore, on that evening, a stunning hairdress in which her hair was spread over a wire device known in the trade as a "rat"; and sometime during the evening a lock parted, revealing the contraption underneath. At least fifteen women remarked it but it remained for a man to tell her she had better fix her hair.

Especially in Hollywood (although it's true of any business in any city anywhere) men must be considered first. To be honest, I have always found it best simply to let women alone altogether and concentrate on men.

☆ I AM sick of women who wail about the injustice of it all, and what brutes men are, and how a girl can't expect to get anywhere, much less ahead, unless she gives Her All. These girls are invariably of a type: they deck themselves in siren outfits, maneuver coyly when the boss is around, and generally make a Sex-hibition of themselves for his benefit. They depend entirely on their venal charms, rather than on their essential ability as workers; make every word and movement a kind of invitation, and then squall when the boss sets them down in his little book under a special heading, proceeding thereafter on that basis.

Besides my own personal observation and experiences, I've consulted the considerable number of influential men I now know in Hollywood, and they all agree: If a girl's primary and obvious best point is sex appeal, she should relax about it. She is simply thrice blessed, and what she has will speak for itself. As a matter of fact, a man doesn't want a really pass-worthy girl to remind him constantly that he is a male animal; he's got work to do, and there is a time and place for such things. Besides, a woman who's that attractive usually means trouble, and he'll thank her not to tempt him into any of it.

Such women have a different sort of problem to consider. They must surely perfect themselves in the art of being a man's woman—I mean a good egg, a regular fellow, like Ann Sheridan, the one-in-a-million gal men would invite to a stag party—to avoid maintaining a constant personal defense program. It is not efficient just to wade through this man's world slapping wrists.

Along with Miss Sheridan I consider Carole Lombard the prize example of one who has learned the better way. I'm not sure she didn't originate it, at least in Hollywood. First, I need not point out that she is superbly attractive; she is, after all, Mrs. Clark Gable. Yet she is able to take all that terrific Lombard stuff into any group of men, anywhere at any time, without fear of an Incident, however minor. She does this by immediately forgetting, upon meeting any man or combination of men, that she is female (she remembers always, of course, that she's a lady, which is a different thing). She talks with men on their own terms, in their own language. She does not look annoyed and become interested in something outside the window if a man drops a "damn"—and she is sure enough of herself not to demand the extravagant little courtesies due women from men by the rules of gallantry. "Don't get up, for Pete's sake," she says. And "Never mind. I've got a match." If she wants a window open, she goes over and opens it. She laughs heartily and never giggles. She doesn't gossip about other women—when she mentions them.

The above eulogy is also a list of rules. The net result is that men come superficially to feel toward the woman who employs this technique as if she were another fellow, and therefore develop a Stop—psychological, perhaps—so far as sex is concerned.

☆ THE way any woman dresses—whether or not she happens to be a born clothes-horse—is highly important to her career as a man-pleaser.

I've found that men, on the whole, prefer women to wear simple well cut clothes. Whereas a woman enjoys attention, a man avoids it. Thus, again raking up the original thesis of eliminating the female influence, the aspiring professional girl should shop alone or with a man, but never with another woman, who inevitably will tell her a hat is becoming when it's a horror that later will make any normal male quietly sick at his stomach.

Noticeable extreme hairdresses, copied from stylized advertisements, worry men. So does too much make-up. Fellows tell me a girl has suspense for them so long as it's possible to imagine kissing her; they hesitate to wade into an obvious paint job, however, because they know cosmetics indiscriminately transferred from a woman's face to a man's produce a laughable effect when the time comes to look up from the romantic moment. The male cannot abide being comic.

Also, according to my personal poll, although he has learned to tolerate them, he objects to long, enameled fingernails. Accordingly I wear lacquer only when a picture assignment requires it.

Men don't like argumentative women. Granted that a girl has to be really intelligent if she's going to be

successful,* she doesn't have to show off her brains by being opinionated about everything a man says, or make a production out of each minor disagreement. She can debate and still make it seem like a discussion. Thus:

MALE: The army ought to have a unified air force, with a separate command, by golly. The fall of France . . .

ARGUMENTATIVE FEMALE: Not at all. According to latest analysis by military experts, etc. Look at Crete, etc. In Russia, the Stukas, etc.

CLEVER FEMALE: That's what I said to Major Thus-and-Thus when I did the SRO show at Randolph Field. And *he* said America was a different problem. Supposing we're invaded from South America, etc. He said the terrain, etc. I would like some more of the chicken, please, and they're playing a rumba. *Now*, Mr. Worthington?

The first woman is dull, pedantic; the second compromises between the integrity of her viewpoint and her new contract.

Another habit of women which men tell me is especially abhorrent to them is the *en masse* exodus to the powder room during an evening at a club. The ordinary woman appears incapable of excusing herself and going alone to restore her face. She rises, hesitates until she catches the eye of the other gals. "Maud, Katherine, Paula—coming with me?" Obediently they fish for evening bags and stand up. Even as the group wends its way among the tables, heads are coming together. Left alone, the men drum on the table, exchange a story or two, talk shop; but they have a restless knowledge of what is going on in the dressing room. Although I have long since given up the practice, I used to go along with the sisters.

Grouped before the mirrors, lipsticks and tongues flashing, they have at it full tilt, with special emphasis on their escorts. Many a girl who has obviously been having a good time, and thus has been charming her partner for the evening, returns from such excursions moody and withdrawn because of remarks passed by the other women, usually jealous, about the man she accompanies. There is always a new tone to the evening afterward.

Sticking with the men for a girl's own good applies to activities in the home as well as in the office. At first, before I had the courage to divorce my sex, I used to sit restlessly with the women after dinner parties at which men and women automatically separated after dinner was over. I used to yawn and say Yes, the new Greer collection was his best yet; No, Mamie Blatt wouldn't get her option raised if she kept on drinking so much and ruining her looks; Yes, Ella's new picture did stink. Meanwhile I listened wistfully to the good sound of male laughter coming from the next room and wished I was in there, laughing too. Finally one night I went to a party for a famous explorer. As usual, the femme talk bored the boys and they departed, one or two at a time. When the final man excused himself I got up too. "Wait for me," I said.

That was a swell evening. Once the explorer, looking at me with friendly amusement, said, "You're a great kid, Carole. They"—jerking his head toward the drawing room—"aren't going to like you for leaving, but don't you let them make you into one of them. You'll come out ahead."

It seems to have worked that way. When I want something I ordinarily know some man who can help me get it, and who *does* help me because we're good friends and because he knows that in a competitive situation I won't ask for quarter just because I'm a woman, or fall back on my femininity when the going is rough.

It must be obvious that in this article I have ignored the little women who, ambitious but lacking in What It Takes, follow the line of least male resistance. I speak, constructively I hope, for the majority of girls who've got something on the ball, a talent or ability they want to sell to the men who can buy it. I intend, in thus candidly discussing ways and means, no disrespect or lack of affection so far as men (bless them) are concerned.

As must be more than apparent, I like the critters. I am where I am today because of them, but aside from that, I prefer their society. And, so long as they ask me, Landis will always be going their way.

THE END

* [NOTE: This does not invariably apply to women who were born beautiful, nor to all Hollywood actresses.]

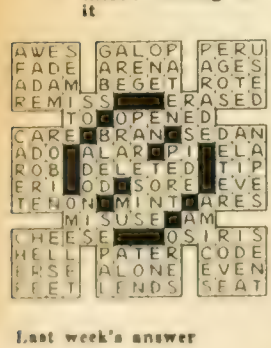
Cockeyed Crosswords by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

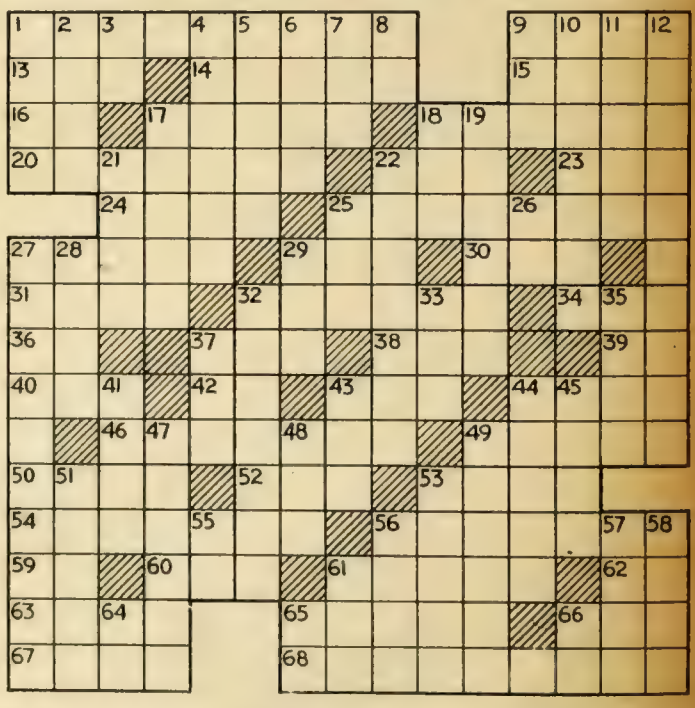
1 Isolationist leader
9 May be a pain in the neck to you
13 African blood
14 Goebbels is going to have to think of a big one soon
15 Stalin in ermine
16 Combination germannihilator, sniffle detector, and mistake burier (abbr.)
17 Acts like a worrywart
18 Spinach superman
20 Parenthetical appendages
22 Scene of some of the biggest blowouts at college (abbr.)
23 Little articles in Spanish
24 Street we all hope to move to
25 Lier's paradise
27 Whoa thar, sailor!
29 It's on the lips of many a drinking man
30 It'd be ours, but there's nothing to it
31 India's motto: —— and ye shall find!
32 Piled-up periods
34 What large corporations do after absorbing vital materials
36 There's Ma and Pa and Na and this
37 Male skunk in coonskin coat (Vassar slang)
38 No. 1's No. 1 man
39 It's read without an ad
40 Same's an Elk, except for one eye
42 Where smoke goes
43 What women never do after thirty
44 Common carrier (British)
46 Reason why Sitting Bull never got up
49 It's a brute and won't associate with Nazis
50 Hollywood's most musical actor
52 It makes anything nasty nastier
53 This side of Lansing, Michigan
54 Everybody's uncle
56 Something you et?
59 Nosex Appeal (abbr.)
60 Vot der Nazis vant to know und der Russians do
61 Love (Neuropean)
62 Hotheaded Egyptian
63 Youse
65 'Ow ze Fransch call ze Aldreech fallow!
66 Kind of crazy in a girlish way
67 Snerds
68 Decoration for those who frighten dumbocracies (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Grammaw's gam
2 Piece of broken China being saved for French by Jap cut-ups
3 Empty nook
4 Kind of living Gypsy Rose Lee makes superlatively
5 Gray's great jingle
6 Cuts up (sounds like a fancy hotel)
7 Father of both Man and Superman (abbr.)
8 Call of the farm
9 Mechanized Toupee Parter (abbr.)
10 What vice-presidents and strings in beans are
11 Civilized America Firsters
12 Mr. Hornblower (two words)
17 Quick as a ——
18 Pending's nickname
19 It sounds fancy, but it's just thick
21 How the weaker sex can make strong men feel
22 St. Vitus' dance, bumped its way through American customs from Cuba (two words)
25 Almost a million
26 Mechanized scooter (abbr.)
27 The guys who do the work
28 How the phial told the medicine bottle it smelled
29 Kind of life a bricklayer leads
32 Change of direction in female train of thought
33 A funny fellow
35 Hitlerpopopolous, the Tough Guy of the Old Order
37 If you hang around poolrooms, it'll give you a poke
41 Ladies, be this to old cows, you may be one yourself some day
43 Whot Lord 'Alifax is short on
44 Sub base
45 Hasty - pudding - headed
47 Jitter wires
48 Only thing the English stop for
49 Unhappy German dunking grounds
51 Where lots of beefing's done
53 You've got to live to do this
55 Pair of black eyes
56 It's pro the good of the publico
57 Used to carry arrows; since Nazis occupied Greece, a machine gun
58 What Father Time goes around in
61 Lopheaded Enemies of Reaction (abbr.)
64 Elementary Peanutpushing (abbr.)
65 Two-legged ram
66 An apple a day keeps the doctor away; this keeps every one away (abbr.)



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

AMERICA'S GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC

Continued from Page 11

The early American farmers under the Hawaiian monarchy, in casting about for a supply of labor to replace them, hit on Asia. The importation of Chinese and Japanese into Hawaii began in the 1850s, reached its peak in the '90s, and ended entirely in 1908, when the United States Oriental Exclusion laws were passed.

At the present moment, after many departures and a generation of settling down, there remain in Hawaii approximately 150,000 men, women, and children of Japanese origin, 75 per cent of whom are American citizens, and about 28,000 Chinese, of whom 85 per cent are citizens. Whites total about 107,000, and native Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians about 62,000. Almost all of the last two groups are citizens. . . . Remarkably, all groups regard themselves, with negligible exceptions, as patriotic Americans. Politically and socially, they trust each other. The transformation has been the result of both accident and plan.

Though the land area of the islands is greater than Connecticut's, their *habitable* area is much less. The rugged mountains confine the population almost entirely to fertile coastal sections and to a few valleys. This chance of nature automatically established a nearly uniform way of life for the Asiatic immigrants. Since there were few cities, they had to live in the country. Since the country was hemmed in, they could not scatter. From the beginning, the Chinese and Japanese settlers lived in close farm communities in intimate contact with their American employers.

Most of those employers believed in Americanization, in treating people decently, in education. As sugar farming and, later, pineapple farming grew more profitable they raised wages until they are now the highest which are paid to agricultural workers anywhere in the world. The owners built modern bungalows for their employees to live in and they established schools as soon as there were any children. Since the Americans didn't speak either Chinese or Japanese, and since they were all living together on the same farms, English became the universal language.

Few Chinese women immigrated, so the Chinese population rapidly decreased. The Japanese brought their wives with them. Since Japanese cannot, by law, become naturalized American citizens, the 116,000 citizens of the territory who are of Japanese origin—out of a total island population of 411,000—were all born in Hawaii. Very few of them have ever been to Japan, even as visitors. Those who do go generally find Japan odd, foreign, and uncomfortable. What surviving patriotism the older Japanese still have is rarely shared by their descendants. The Mikado of Gilbert and Sullivan enjoys more of their admiration than the Mikado of Japan.

Since all of the Hawaiian Japanese have received American public-school educations and many of them have gone through college, they know something of Japan. They know, for example, that if Japan should take Hawaii their wages would be reduced about 90 per cent, and that if they were Japanese in nationality they would be immediately recruited to die for the Emperor in China. Neither prospect appeals to them.

The outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese war would, one might have imagined, have produced important repercussions. It is significant and reassuring that it did not. Though the Chinese and Japanese in the islands live in intimate and hourly contact, there has at no time been disorder of any kind. Not only have there been no riots, but not one personal quarrel has ever come to the attention of the police. So far as observers can gather, both groups have simply thought themselves well out of it.

Time has not been the only factor that has relieved the Asiatic Hawaiians of any feeling of strong devotion to their fatherlands. Their immigrant forefathers were poor. They left nothing behind them. They came to Hawaii for a new life and found it. The descendants are grateful.

The success of the melting-pot process has been conspicuously demonstrated in many local territorial elections. The racial origin groups by no means vote as units. The Territorial Legislature, for example, has at present thirty-eight members of white or native Hawaiian origin and only seven members of Japanese or Chinese origin—instead of twenty-eight and seventeen respectively, which is what the proportion would be if the different races voted only for candidates of like racial origin. Elections for lesser offices have shown an equal support for candidates of white and Hawaiian stock, and there is every reason to think that the Oriental groups will in a few years be proportionately less and the whites proportionately more.

The Army and Navy do not seem to worry. If there are seditious groups and individuals, the Intelligence Departments surely know of them. Islands are easily policed.

If Hawaii should ever achieve statehood, the position of the services would undergo no appreciable change. Hawaii's dependence on the Army and Navy is clearly recognized.

Once a six-months schooner voyage from Boston, Hawaii is now overnight by plane from San Francisco, and Honolulu is closer in time to New York than New York once was to Washington. Japan looms ever closer. The island steppingstones of Hawaii, Midway, and Guam have reduced the once limitless Pacific to a puddle which can be crossed both ways.

In a warring world, American land with its fruits and freedoms is precious, wherever it may be.

THE END

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Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

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Colds are often accompanied by headaches and acute constipation, making you feel miserable all over. When a laxative is needed, trust Pluto Water. Although PLUTO works swiftly, it works by gentle osmosis, creating fluid bulk in the colon, flushing digestive waste, usually within an hour. Pluto is a concentrated, fortified and scientifically stabilized saline mineral water with all minerals and salts in complete solution. It passes through the stomach without disturbing its function, is not absorbed, and acts in the colon where physicians want a laxative to act. Try Pluto now! In 25c and 50c economy bottles, also 10c size. You must get refreshing, comforting relief from acute constipation in one hour or your money back. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana.

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FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD:

OUR NATIONAL JITTERS

From Lois Patterson (Mrs. L. J.) Hammer of Casa Grande, Arizona, comes the following: "Congratulations on Secrets of a Hotel Doctor. Americans *do* need the warning of the doctor's chronicle of jitters and escape. I think it goes back to a serious fault of parents. I have little sympathy to waste on adults who have never known much of self-control, but my heart goes out to the youths of the country. While parents continue to place the blame elsewhere, I pity the children, and blame the parents for the prevalent increase of social diseases in the high schools, as another result of jitters—and escape!

"We see that our children have a nourishing diet, proper clothing, and a comfortable home, and social-mindedness (as reflected in popularity), and feel we have done all that is required. That word 'required' gives a pretty true picture as to what *is* wrong with us. When we take active part in PTA, women's clubs, etc., because it helps fill in the leisure hours for us, or we get our name in the local newspapers, we might better be taking a nice nap to build up both our body and mind! Yes—I know women who take part in community activities of this sort, and behave abominably in the presence of their children at home! Lying, gossiping, exhibiting selfishness and greed, impatience and unconcern—even to the extent of locking the child out of doors to keep her quiet rather than taking the time to find the answers to the child's experiences! Children *need* an example to follow. Character education is the most important kind of education. Mr. Oursler—I feel you would be doing a great service to our whole nation if you would write an article on this subject." . . . I don't think it is necessary; the lady has already written the article, and there it is for all who can read to understand.

THANKS FOR THE HONOR!

Last week I was notified by Mr. Albert O. Bassuk, president of the Hobby Guild of America, that I had been elected to the Hobby Hall of Fame and would receive a scroll attesting to that fact. Herewith my letter of thanks: "Dear Mr. Bassuk: I want to thank you for the honor you pay me by giving me a place in the Hobby Hall of Fame. Having no hope whatever of getting into the other Hall of Fame, I am very proud to be received into yours. In fact, I feel there is an advantage to yours because all the heroes lined up at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street and University Avenue are dead men who may not even know of their marble glory. But I have a certificate while I am still alive that says I belong to your blessed company of grown-ups who have not forgotten how to play.

"Hobbies, I think, are playgrounds for the everlasting child who lives in the hearts of grown-ups. I feel very sorry for those underprivileged grown-ups who have no hobby playgrounds where they can romp and forget the hard lessons of life's later school. How sad it must be not to have a hobby! No stamp albums over which to pore with gum tabs and microscope and catalogues to make the mouth water. No strings of marionettes to pull. No coin collections. No gardens. No recess! But only job and grub and sleep and the same old thing all over again.

"All the great and useful men of the world had hobbies. President Roosevelt has many hobbies: fishing, stamps, bridge, crossword puzzles, and detective stories, to name only a few. Henry Ford collects American antiques and preserves the relics of our great past. Thomas Jefferson designed furniture, Benjamin Franklin had a score of hobbies. Wordsworth once wrote:

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy; . . .
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

"Hobbies can keep alive the wisdom of childhood as a living force in our hearts. That is why I am proud to be numbered among your excellent company." . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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COVER BY ROY SPRETER

Double your Holiday Enjoyment with the *"bonus year"*

TEN HIGH

Like grapes picked at the peak of perfection TEN HIGH is *RIPENED JUST RIGHT*— year after year, after year, after year!

This Christmas—even you old TEN HIGH drinkers are in for a pleasant surprise when you taste the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH.

It has the goodness you've always enjoyed in this glorious bourbon—plus the flavor-bonus of an added birthday.

Yes, there's a tastable *extra* deliciousness that *Doubles Your Enjoyment!*

This whiskey is 4 years old...

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof

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"THE RIBBERS" *by Glen Fleischmann*

AHEM! I HAVE HERE THE CUSTOMARY TOKENS MARKING THE EXTRA BIRTHDAY YOU CLOCK-WATCHERS HAVE ADDED TO YOUR SERVICE WITH THE FIRM!
MAKE 'EM GOOD, GUS, AND I'LL DOUBLE OUR ENJOYMENT WITH THIS "BONUS YEAR" TEN HIGH!
IF THESE BONUSES ARE AS BIG AS THE FLAVOR-BONUS IN TEN HIGH SINCE IT ADDED THAT EXTRA BIRTHDAY--WOW!
THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF, BOYS! NOW I KNOW WHAT TO GIVE YOU ALL FOR CHRISTMAS..THAT GRAND OLD WHISKEY WITH NO ROUGH EDGES!

The Night Before Christmas – by Mr. Hi and Mr. Hatt

Our stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that our Xmas gifts soon would be there.
For rumors had spread that our socks would be filled,
With Kessler's, the whiskey that's smoothly distilled
And blended with lightness and mildness to spare,
The whiskey that men say is "rich, and so rare!"

Now if YOU are planning a gift or a present,
For Christmas, there's nothing so nice or so pleasant
As Kessler's, the drink that is smooth and delicious
It's really the smart way to send your best wishes.

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Neutral Spirits distilled from Grain. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.